

# Here's

## NEW ENGLAND

A GUIDE TO VACATIONLAND



ALL of New England's charm and thousands of useful facts crammed into one compact book. 22 maps, 40 illustrations in gravure, up-to-the-minute information on show-places and playgrounds, and a large map showing foot trails, bridle trails, ski trails, camp sites, beaches, etc. Here, in short, is the key to New England.

*Mailand de Geyser*

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AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES

HERE'S  
NEW ENGLAND

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A CONCISE, practical, colorful guide to New England, prepared by the Federal Writers' Project.

For convenient reference, 'Here's New England!' is divided into twenty-one recreational regions covering all parts of the six New England States. Each of these chapters gives the atmosphere and characteristics of the region, followed by detailed descriptions of the places of interest and things to see and do.

The book is lavishly illustrated in gravure, with twenty-one small maps, and a large folding map in color showing all the recreational regions, camps and picnic sites, public beaches, ski trails, etc., together with a descriptive list of the historic houses and museums throughout New England that are open to the public.

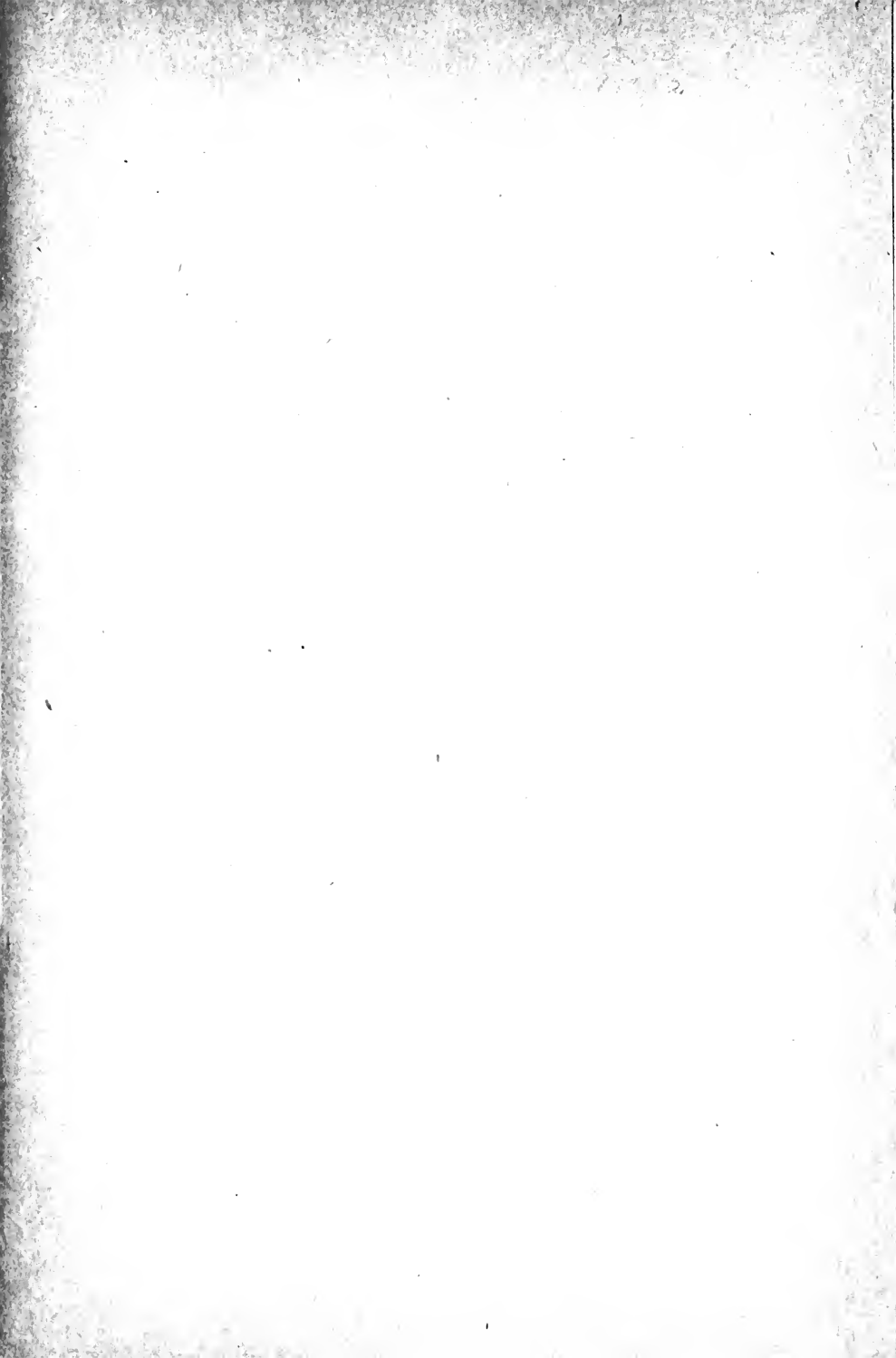
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## PREVIEW OF NEW ENGLAND

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*The editors wish to make acknowledgment:*

*To W. Lincoln Highton for the pictures: Yacht 'Aloha,' Cliff Walk, Sandwich Glass, Hill of Churches, Orleans, Highland Light, Lexington Green, Wayside Inn, Chestnut Street, Salem, House of Seven Gables, Wentworth-Gardner Mansion, Boothbay Harbor, Nickels-Sortwell House, Crescent Beach, Bar Harbor and Frenchman's Bay, Mount Chocorua, Granite Quarry, Burke Hollow, and The Old Stone Shop;*

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*To the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for the pictures of Marblehead Harbor, and the Connecticut Valley;*

*To Charles E. White for the pictures of In Old New Castle, Tuckerman Ravine, the Little Studio, and the Toll Bridge;*

*To the Maine Development Commission for pictures of Moosehead, and the Camp Site near Mount Katahdin;*

*To the Pote Studio for the pictures of King's Ravine and Wildcat Ski Trail;*

*To the Bodwell Studio for the picture of The Old Man of the Mountain;*

*To the White Mountain Studio for the picture, Plowed Highways;*

*To the Cutler Studio for the picture, French Wallpaper, Walpole;*

*To the Richardson Studio for the picture, Smuggler's Notch;*

*To the Lee Studio for the picture, Camel's Hump;*

*The picture of 'Connecticut Valley' Doorway is used through the courtesy of Fletcher Steele.*



OYSTER BOATS, CITY POINT, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT  
*See page 6*



YACHT 'ALOHA,' NEWPORT HARBOR  
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BATHING, SCARBOROUGH BEACH ON NARRAGANSETT BAY  
*See page 12*





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*See page 14*

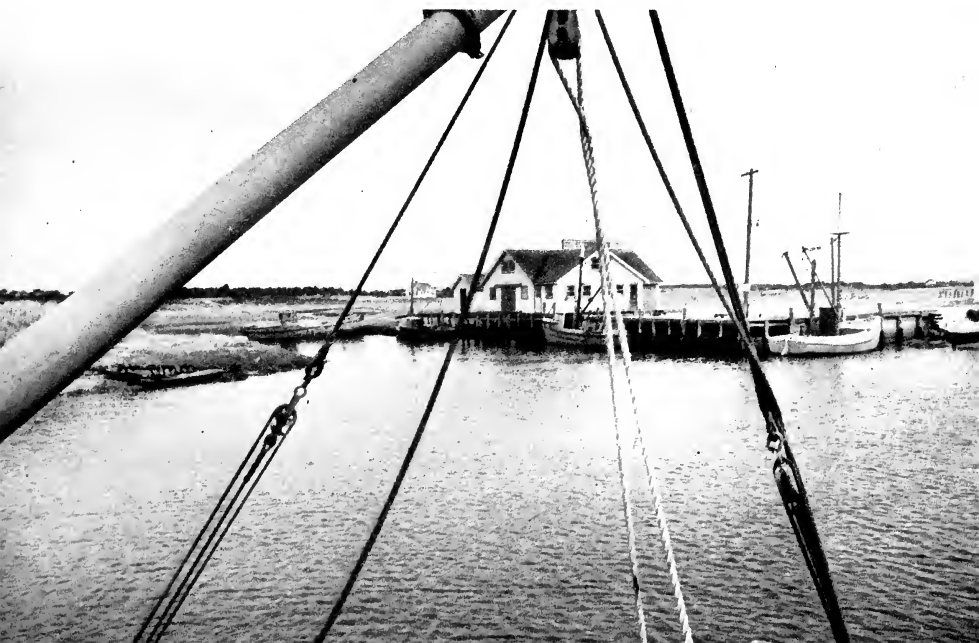


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A M E R I C A N   G U I D E   S E R I E S

# HERE'S NEW ENGLAND!

A   G U I D E   T O   V A C A T I O N L A N D

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*Written and Compiled by Members of the Federal Writers' Project  
of the Works Progress Administration in the New England States*

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SPONSORED BY THE NEW ENGLAND COUNCIL, BOSTON

*Illustrated*



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H O U G H T O N   M I F F L I N   C O M P A N Y   -   B O S T O N

*The Riverside Press Cambridge*

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*From Their Excellencies*  
THE SIX NEW ENGLAND GOVERNORS  
**AN INVITATION**

We, the Governors of the New England states, cordially invite you to visit our New England for your this year's vacation.

Once you cross New England's threshold, you will find a new and delightful way of life in which the amenities of today are happily blended with the mellow traditions of three hundred years.

Serene old cities, quiet elm-shaded villages, rocky coasts, sandy beaches, friendly wooded mountains, crystal lakes and streams—everywhere you will be greeted with New England's warm hospitality.

May we expect you?



*By Their Excellencies the Governors of New England*



*Severin S. Eaton*  
Governor of Massachusetts and  
Chairman of the New England  
Governors' Conference

*Francis Murphy*  
Governor of New Hampshire  
and Secretary of the New Eng-  
land Governors' Conference



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Governor of Maine

*William H. Vanderbilt*  
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*Frederic D. Allen*  
Governor of Vermont

*Amos E. Belden*  
Governor of Connecticut





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# INTRODUCING NEW ENGLAND

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WITHIN small compass, New England offers extraordinary diversity of landscape. The glacier sheets have left their traces everywhere: hummocks, knobs, and depressions, scattered about irregularly without clear hill and valley lines. A Yankee can hardly grow out of sight of the hills; sometimes the mountains actually reach to the edge of salt water. Along most of the coastline the sea has eaten its way into a land of diminutive valleys and stony hillocks. Behind the outer headlands lie miles of forest-lined reaches. A coast where land and sea meet in compromise rather than in challenge, for few sectors outside of Maine can truly be called 'stern and rockbound'; more common is the undulating line of sand dunes that wind along the ocean's edge.

In this Guide to the great playground of New England we have made most of the subdivisions somewhat arbitrarily. Although they have no boundaries and no fixed lines of demarcation they do possess a distinct character of their own. We would no more presume to set their exact limits than revive a controversy about the landing-party at Plymouth Rock.

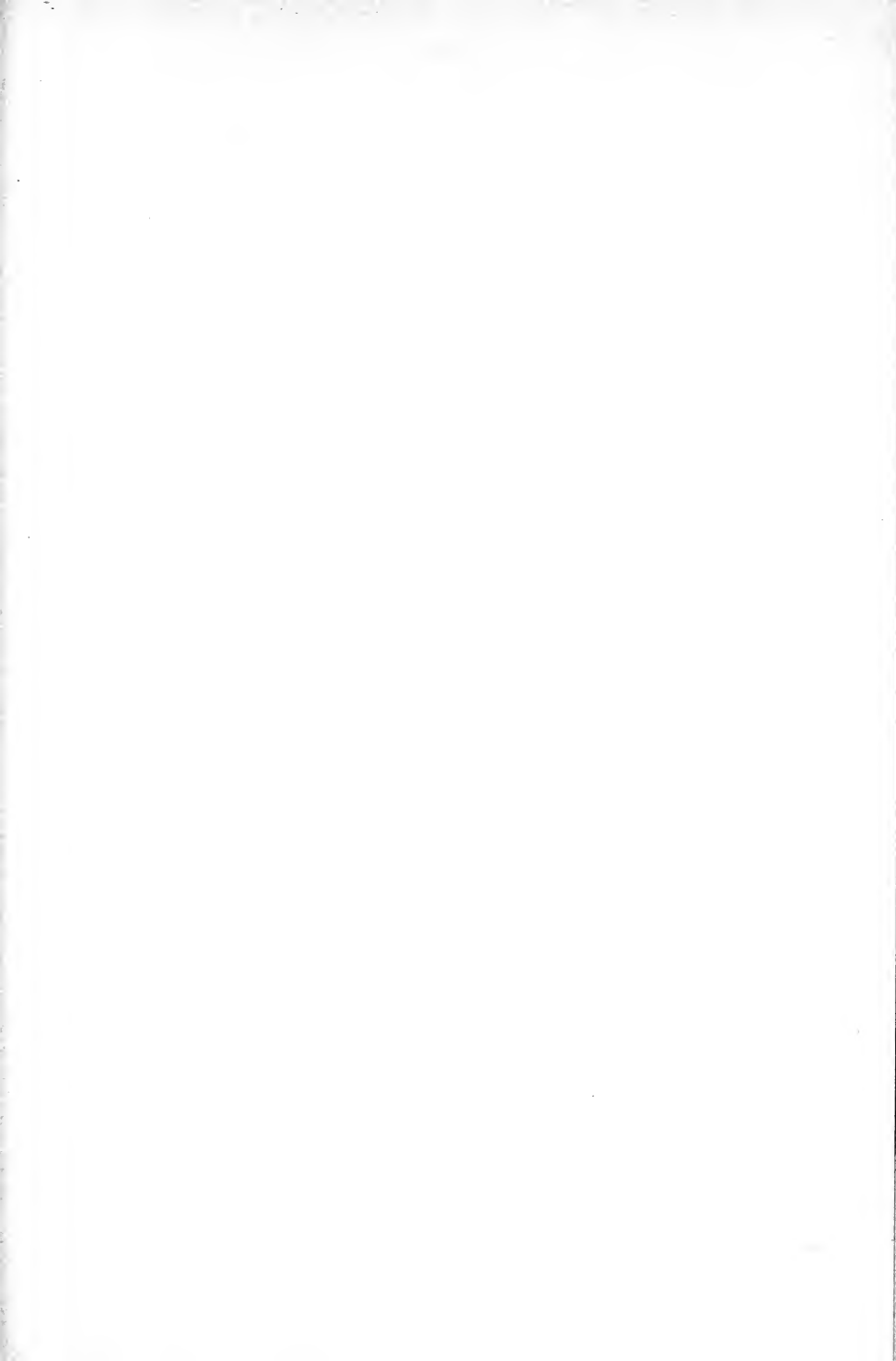
The opening paragraphs of each of these sketches strive to communicate something of the genius of the place, its pulse and personality. After this dip into 'atmosphere' we move across each area in accordance with a simple plan that enables you to take in as many sights as possible. The various sections have been joined together to form a circular tour of New England. It was easy enough to lead you along the whole length of the coastline from New York to Bar Harbor, across the Maine woodlands into the White Mountains and through the New Hampshire lakes. From there on, we had to become somewhat more circuitous: up and down the Connecticut Valley, through the Green Mountains, the northeastern lakes of Vermont, across to the Champlain Valley, and then through to New York by way of Berkshire and Connecticut's western highlands. Under each heading we have indicated a few alternate routes into the heart of the recreational area, so that you're by no means bound to our tour.

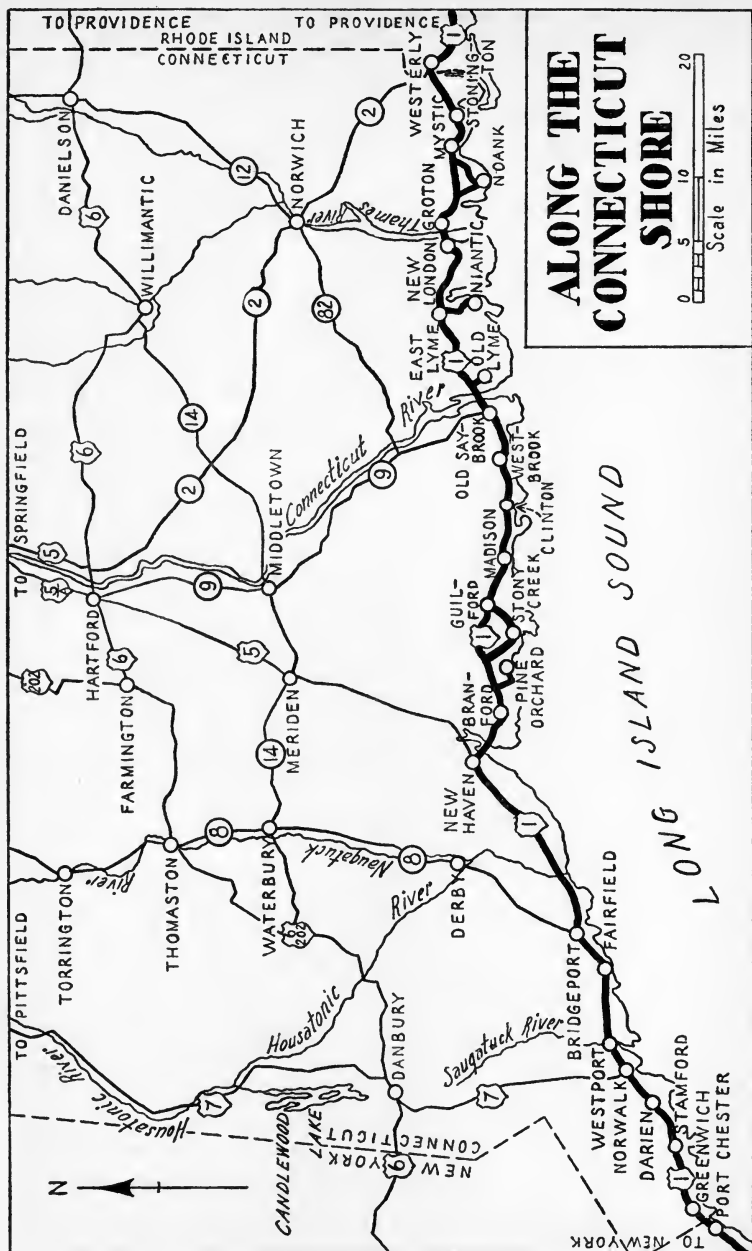
And if of necessity we have passed over many historic houses and

alluring vistas you'll understand that the limited scope of our work has forced us to these sins of omission. What you don't find here you'll surely discover in the six separate Guides to the New England States — complete and full sized — which we have published during the past two years.

The maps we have inserted before each recreational area will direct you over the highways of New England, among the finest in the country. Mountain summits, secluded glens and lakes, wild forest land, isolated coves, are now accessible to any motorist. Even in the winter you will find the main roads open and well plowed. Winter sports have of late taken the country by storm, and New England has multiplied the number of ski trails and open slopes. Winter and summer, a land whose 'infinite variety' you can never exhaust.







# ALONG THE CONNECTICUT SHORE

A vertical scale in miles from 0 to 20. The scale is marked at 0, 5, 10, and 20. The text "Scale in Miles" is written vertically next to the scale.

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# ALONG THE CONNECTICUT SHORE

*Coastal Villages and Whaling Towns*

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Conn. State line, 27 m. east of Columbus Circle, N.Y. City.

LONG crescents of white sand; sailboats in spanking breezes; deep-sea fishing as well as plentifully stocked brooks and ponds; fairways and putting greens; grass-grown breastworks, unchanged since their valiant defenders fell, pierced by British bayonets — you'll find them all along the Connecticut shoreline. Fishermen dry their nets on gear-laden wharves just as did their ancestors who sailed the uncharted Arctic in search of whales. Landscaped estates spread about luxurious country homes; hard by, simple white colonial houses are surrounded with lilacs, syringas, and beds of tiger lilies. Yacht club burgees fly from islands that once served as bases for patriotic whaleboat crews who preyed on the Tories of Long Island. Connecticut, though nearly New York, is really New England.

US 1 follows the old King's Highway. Eighteenth-century white church spires upthrust through towering elms just off the road. Rambling taverns serve modern travelers. Occasionally a milestone placed by Benjamin Franklin, when he marked the post route in 1753, may be seen half hidden by roadside shrubbery. Paul Revere, in Indian war paint, spurred a horse over this route, carrying the news of the Boston Tea Party. George Washington came up the highway to take command of the Continental forces at Boston, and the white fleur-de-lys of France floated over the brilliant uniforms and tricornered hats of Lafayette's men as they marched to Yorktown.

Near the New York-Connecticut line, the weathered 'salt-box' *Thomas Lyon House* (1670) is a fitting introduction to this historic region. Along the Post Road through GREENWICH, however, are few characteristics associated with New England; nor will you see from here the extensive estates of New Yorkers which line the shore and extend back into the hills. In the pasturelands to the north, these newcomers periodically ride to hounds, much to the amusement of the native fox-hunters who bag their game afoot.

Through STAMFORD the Post Road crosses the industrial part of town without a hint of the landscaped residential areas on Shippan Point and inland. Stamford is distinctive as one of the few places of record where Mrs. George Washington stopped for refreshment in 1775.

From the residential community of DARIEN, eastward to Fairfield, a shore road, Conn. 136, follows the coastline past many summer homes and estates. Although beaches on this route are restricted to residents, the highway offers you excellent marine views as well as escape from the heavy traffic of US 1.

In NORWALK a century ago, the famous Norwalk pottery was made; the town today has a thriving oyster business and a diversified industry. The *Norwalk Islands* offshore abound in tales of pirates, smugglers, and bootleggers. Nathan Hale, Connecticut's Revolutionary War hero, set sail from *Cedar Hammock Island* to spy on the British forces on *Long Island*. Captain Joseph Merrill found pirate gold on *Pilot Island*, after three successive dreams had marked the spot. Out on *Goose Island*, treasure hunters stripped away all vegetation; in 1895, the same island was used by the Carnegie Institute for experimenting on rats in the development of a yellow-fever serum. The Mormons tried to establish a colony on *Ram Island* and failed; and on *Chimons Island* meteorites may be seen on a hotel porch where they fell.

Artists have gathered at SILVERMINE, on the winding creek north of Norwalk; writers congregate at WESTPORT, where 'peddler' boats once carried on a busy trade with Manhattan and old wharves now rot in the sun. In FAIRFIELD, the quiet village green, just one block south of the Post Road, faces a tavern where Washington spent the night of October 16, 1789. The town *Sign Post*, incidentally, is made of the stocks and pillory where early culprits reflected on their misdemeanors.

Munition plants and machine-tool factories cover acres of BRIDGEPORT, where ammunition was produced in such quantities during the World War that the city became known as 'the Ruhr of America.' From the *Marine Boulevard* in Seaside Park there are broad views across the Sound to Long Island.

NEW HAVEN, widely known as the seat of *Yale University*, is also one of the principal manufacturing cities of the State. The Post Road crosses through the outlying industrial districts, skirting the impressive 16-acre green and the University buildings.

Southeast of New Haven, on Conn. 143, a side road close to the shore, is exclusive PINE ORCHARD, where some of the Sound's finest yachts and sailing craft are anchored in the basin, sheltered by a pink granite

breakwater. Off STONY CREEK the shore waters are dotted with the rocky archipelago of the *Thimble Islands*. From *Money Island*, where Captain Kidd is said to have buried his treasure, a Negro once departed with a sack so heavy that he scarcely could carry it. The tales grow taller, but nobody has ever actually seen the gold. A *Summer Playhouse* at Stony Creek provides excellent dramatic entertainment.

In BRANFORD, the trout-stocked Branford River is restricted to women anglers. At short intervals along the main highway are many roadside picnic areas maintained by the State Highway Department.

In GUILFORD, an early colonial village one-third of a mile south of the Post Road, are preserved a larger number of authentic old houses than you'll find in any other New England town. Nine different types of 'salt-box' design may be seen on Fair St. The *Whitfield House* (1639-40), a State museum on Whitfield St., is one of the oldest stone houses in the United States.

Beside the highway, rustic stands advertise 'Guilford Clams' or 'Live Lobsters and Fresh Fish.' Cheery, sun-tanned fisherfolk cater to the passing trade and wrap up a purchase in yesterday's newspaper.

MADISON has numerous old houses and a large summer colony. The *Nathaniel Allis House* (1739) is now a museum furnished as a dwelling of its period.

At a rotary east of the village of Madison, a road leads south to *Hammonasset State Park*, a tract of 954 acres which includes a five-mile crescent of white sand, the largest public beach in the State, and an extensive trailer camping ground.

CLINTON, a quiet village one-half mile inward from its harbor, is a haven for pleasure boats and trawlers.

The village of WESTBROOK was the birthplace of David Bushnell, inventor of the submarine torpedo. Parts of his original model are on display at the *Bushnell House*, now a museum.

OLD SAYBROOK, the one-time 'Land of Swords and Roses' at the mouth of the Connecticut River, is the fourth oldest town in the State. In the cemetery at the end of Main St. is the *Tomb of Lady Fenwick* (d. 1648), the only titled personage to migrate to this outpost fortified by Lion Gardiner for the aristocrats who supported Oliver Cromwell. After the triumph of the Roundheads, these lords and ladies soon changed their plans for establishing feudal estates in America.

Across the broad Connecticut River, on Conn. 156, just south from US 1, the elm-shaded village of OLD LYME slumbers beneath a towering white church spire. Here, in former days, clipper ships sailed down the

Lieutenant River, en route to the Pacific, returning with precious cargoes and fabulous tales of exotic ports. Throughout the summer, the *Lyme Art Gallery*, on US 1, exhibits the work of the local art colony.

EAST LYME is noted for its fine Devon cattle and old houses. At NIAHTIC, a seaside village south on Conn. 156, is the principal *Summer Camp of the Connecticut National Guard*. From October to April the *Niantic River* is dotted with scallop boats; entire families are engaged in harvesting the crop and removing the shells before shipping them to market. Eastward to the *Thames River*, a succession of beaches, south of US 1, attract summer residents.

In the narrow streets of NEW LONDON, the olive-drab uniforms of officers and men from the three Coast Artillery island posts offshore mingle with the blue and white of navy men from the U.S. Submarine Base upriver. Out in the harbor an occasional square-rigger lifts her spars above squat motor-driven craft and the hulls of sail and steam yachts. The waterfront itself furnishes an ample record of New London's development: old forts on opposite banks of the river; the white, six-sided lighthouse, first of its kind to aid mariners off the Connecticut coast; ships' ways which have been replaced many times since shallows, sloops, brigs, snows, barques, and brigantines slid down the ways; the clatter of riveters at the Electric Boat Company, where submarines for the United States Navy are built.

The *Whaling Museum*, in the Mariners' Savings Bank at 224 State St., houses an exhibit of more than 200 whaling relics, mural paintings, and prints. The *Grist Mill*, on Mill St., established by John Winthrop, Jr., in 1650 and rebuilt in 1742, has an overshot wheel which still churns the waters of Brigg's Brook. The *Shaw Mansion* at 287 Bank St., headquarters for outfitting privateers and the thirteen ships of the Connecticut Navy during the Revolutionary War, is also a museum today. The *United States Coast Guard Academy* on Mohegan Ave. is the \$2,500,000 'Annapolis of the Coast Guard Service.' Guides are furnished on application to the sentry at the gate.

If by now you're ready to rest a bit, take a breathing spell at the *Connecticut Arboretum*, on the *Connecticut College* campus, containing 300 varieties of trees and shrubs native to the State, and a hemlock forest some 400 years old. *Fort Trumbull*, on East St., a huge masonry structure on the grounds of *Coast Guard Base 4*, was erected in 1839 on the site of a Revolutionary fort.

US 1 crosses the Thames on a steel bridge sufficiently high to permit excellent views down the harbor and up the broad stream. At the

eastern end of the bridge, Conn. 12, following the east bank of the river northward, offers you an interesting side trip to the *U.S. Atlantic Submarine Base*. Here officers and seamen of the United States Navy receive special training for submarine service. Both shops and laboratories are open to the public. Note especially the large experimental tank for crews.

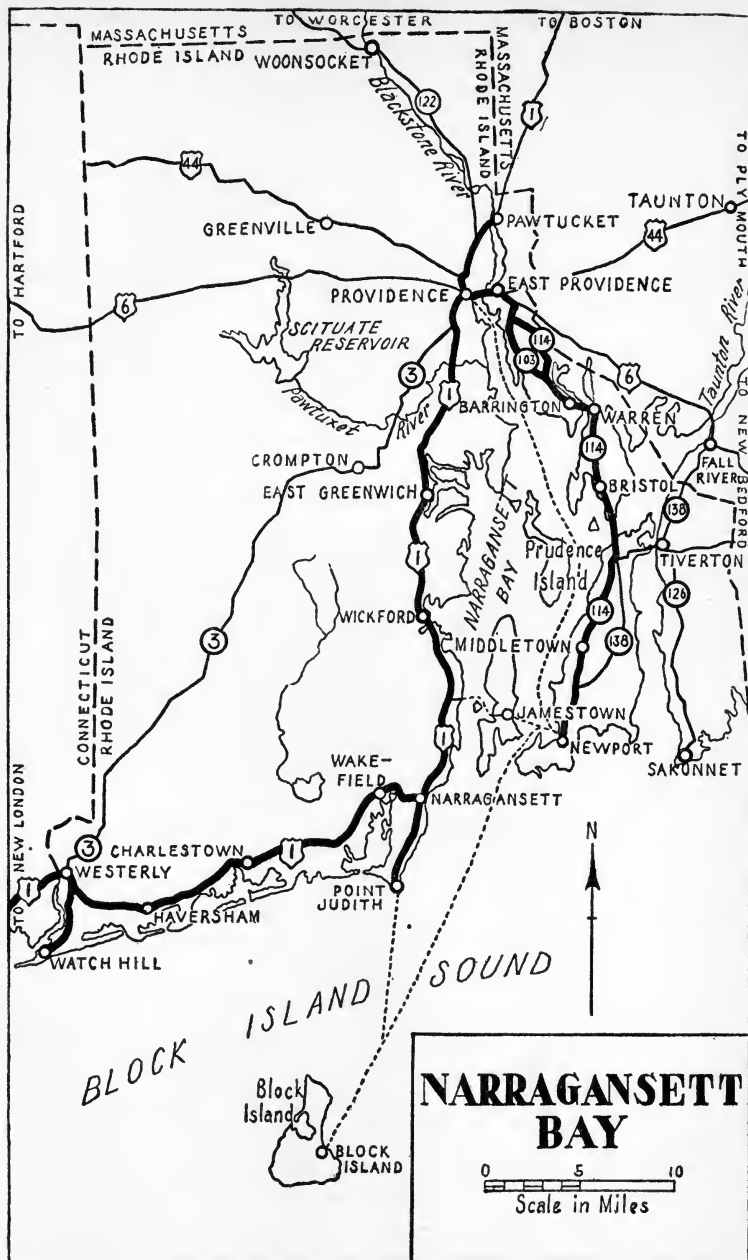
Southward from the eastern end of the Thames River bridge is the village of GROTON, on the steep slopes of Groton Heights, dominated by a *Granite Shaft* commemorating the sacrifice of militiamen who defied two regiments of British regulars in 1781.

In Noank, Mystic, and Stonington, fishermen tend their lobster pots and fish-pounds regardless of weather. They're old hands with the adze and calking hammer, these men, equally adept at laying a keel or sailing anything that will float. NOANK, on the western edge of Mystic Harbor, is the home of swordfishmen, lobstermen, and boatbuilders. Wharves are piled with miscellaneous gear, and at sunrise and sunset long lines of motley fishing craft are tied up at the docks. Many of the boats are equipped with a pulpit at one end of the flat bowsprit, where the swordfisherman stands as he hurls his harpoon. Tuna and swordfish, sometimes weighing over 300 pounds, are caught within three miles of the shore; bluefish, blackfish, porgies, and butterfish are taken in large quantities.

MYSTIC, formerly a shipbuilding port, now has a considerable summer population. Skippers of the sturdy little boats moored along the Mystic River will take you out for a try at swordfishing or trolling for tuna. From them you'll hear tales their grandfathers handed down: the exploits of the modified clipper ship 'Andrew Jackson,' launched in 1860, which beat the famous 'Flying Cloud' in a thrilling race around the Horn to 'Frisco; or, it may be the story of the feverish events attending the building, in 1861, of the 'Galena,' the first ironclad warship laid down in America. The *Marine Historical Museum*, an old wooden mill building on Conn. 169, houses one of the finest collections of clipper-ship models in America.

At STONINGTON, the fishing fleet comes in with loads of bluefish, swordfish, and haddock; summer residents cruise about in powerboats or set sail on schooner and yawl; clam diggers swarm on the flats at low tide. The *Old Stone Lighthouse*, at the end of Water St., is now a marine museum. Many of the cannonballs which decorate Stonington's fence posts and driveways are relics of 1814 when five British warships poured an estimated 60 tons of metal into the town.

'They killed a cow; they killed a hen,  
They killed three pigs within a pen,  
They killed a horse, and pray what then?  
That was not taking Stonington.'





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# NARRAGANSETT BAY

## *Clambakes and Regattas*

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US 1; Providence, 80 *m.* from New London.

SLASHING deep into Rhode Island, the smallest State, Narragansett Bay reaches up to Providence like a pointing finger of the Atlantic. Islands resembling grotesque marine animals stand guard over numerous sub-bays beloved of yachtsmen. Notice Prudence Island on the map — a 'whale of an island' indeed. At the Bay's mouth is the exclusive summer resort of Newport. Along the southern shore stretches a chain of smaller towns and villages, many of them watering-places in their own right.

From Massachusetts came Roger Williams and the early settlers who tilled the land and remained close to the banks of the Moshassuck. Clinging to the Bay area became, for later generations, a good Rhode Island habit. During the brief heyday of the Narragansett planters in the late 17th century, when a 'landed aristocracy' occupied the acres of present Washington County and lived in a manner comparable to that of the later Virginia settlers, Narragansett Bay was the chief outlet for produce, cattle, and horses, transported by ship to other coastal communities and the West Indies. By 1700, Rhode Island seamen were known and respected on both sides of the Atlantic, and Rhode Island ships were used as a medium of exchange in trade with England. These vessels formed the nucleus of the first American navy, and the first commander of the fleet, Esek Hopkins, was a native of the State.

Narragansett Bay is still an important shipping channel for the ports of Providence and Pawtucket, but from Napatree Point to Sakonnet Point the summer colonies are Rhode Island's commercial mainstay. The erosion of tides has fashioned countless broad beaches where the ocean laps contentedly and the sun blazes with a tropical brilliance.

Throughout the year, steamers move between Providence and New York City, but they're the least interesting of the varied craft in the Bay waters. Excursion boats make trips between Providence, Newport, and Block Island. During the racing season, events are held for nearly all types of sailing boats. Many of the races are restricted to members of Rhode Island's yacht clubs; others are open to all applicants.

Fishing is a popular sport along the length of Rhode Island's 400 miles of coastline. Getting a swordfish, the battler of them all, is sport for a professional, but you can try your luck at tuna, codfish, bluefish, and haddock. The Division of Fish and Game encourages fresh-water fishing, and in most of the stocked ponds and streams there are striped and white perch, trout, pickerel, and bass.

US 1 cuts an easy diagonal across the State, deviating somewhat to follow the south and west shores. From the Massachusetts State Line on the north it runs directly into PAWTUCKET, thence into PROVIDENCE, the focal point for all main highways. If you follow Broadway into the center of Pawtucket instead of detouring at the double traffic light you'll see the *Old Slater Mill* (1793), the 'cradle' of the American textile industry. This frame structure stands on the west bank of the Pawtucket River, within a hundred feet of the pyramidal stepped tower of the Pawtucket City Hall. As the highway enters Providence, the dome of the *State House* and the lofty beacon of the *Industrial Trust Company Building* accent the skyline.

The southwestern entrance to the State, via US 1, offers you a nautical introduction. From WESTERLY, where the cranes of the granite quarries can be seen on the near-by hills, the road bears southeast to HAVERSHAM and then continues eastward in sight of the ocean and the coastal salt ponds to WAKEFIELD and NARRAGANSETT. This twenty-mile stretch brings to view many of the fine beaches that extend almost without interval along the southern shore, from WATCH HILL (directly south of Westerly) to POINT JUDITH (directly south of Narragansett), known to mariners, with more fear than affection, as 'Point Jude.' Here a *Coast Guard Station* and *Point Judith Light* remain in constant service. Nine miles offshore the green fields of *Block Island* come down to meet the sea. On the Shore Road, north of Point Judith, is the *Scarborough State Beach*.

NARRAGANSETT (known at this point as NARRAGANSETT PIER) is distinguished by the enormous towers of the old *Casino*, which seem to lack only a drawbridge and a moat. In the 18th century a plantation society flourished here, and the region has never completely lost its character. One of the best-preserved landmarks of the era is the *Hannah Robinson House* (on old South Ferry Rd.). Near-by is the *Birthplace of Gilbert Stuart*, colonial painter especially known for his many portraits of George Washington.

The road continues through a pleasant countryside and brings you in sight of the Island of Conanicut (*Jamestown*) across the Bay. Clusters of

farms and summer residences are scattered over the island, which can be reached by ferry from Newport.

At WICKFORD the road turns left at the Post Office; but the highlights of this hardy old town will be almost completely missed unless you detour to the right at the Post Office and drive down Main St. This thoroughfare once led to one of New England's busiest harbors, whence merchantmen sailed away with papers and money and goods — and, if necessary, letters of marque and a mounted gun or two. Conservative and steadfast, the Wickford merchants, shipwrights, innkeepers, and sailors built residences that admirably reflected their own personalities — solid, unostentatious — and possessed of an innate grace not always apparent on first glance. Few of the genuinely old-time spots in New England have escaped the ravages of faulty restoration so completely as Wickford's Main St. The *Immanuel Case House* and the *Old Narragansett Church* are particularly worth a visit. Today, as the home of the Wickford oyster, the town thrives on the shellfish industry.

Just west of Wickford on R.I. 2 is the *South County Museum*, housing a complete collection of implements used here in domestic industry during the 17th and 18th centuries. The collection is remarkable for its looms, spinning wheels, and other appurtenances in the early manufacture of textiles. Certain of these methods are being revived today, and throughout the region flax may be seen growing in the fields again.

US 1 swings north from Wickford, passing *Goddard Memorial Park*. This wooded and landscaped area, maintained by the State, offers ample facilities for picnicking and swimming.

At EAST GREENWICH is the *Kent County Court House*, one of Rhode Island's many excellent examples of 18th-century architecture. The building was one of the five former meeting-places of the General Assembly.

PROVIDENCE, whose skyline is set off by the marble dome and tourelles of the *State House* and the lofty tower of the *Industrial Trust Company Building*, was founded by Roger Williams in 1636, the original settlement of the State of Rhode Island. The actual center of the city has moved only a few hundred feet from the first nucleus on the banks of the Moshassuck River. The *State House* (1901) can be reached via Smith St. or Francis St.; the *First Baptist Meeting House* (1775), a superb structure of its period, stands on North Main St. at the foot of Waterman St. Up College Hill is *Brown University*, founded in 1764 and moved to Providence in 1770. On Power St., overlooking Benefit St., is the *John Brown House* (1786) one of New England's most famous Colonial

residences, built at a time when commercial prosperity had reached a new peak. The *Rhode Island School of Design*, flanking College Hill opposite the *Court House*, has an outstanding *Museum of Art*. On the opposite side of the city is *Roger Williams Park*, with well-kept green-swards, lagoons, and flower gardens.

The thirty-five-mile route from Providence to NEWPORT follows R.I. 103 and R.I. 114, the two highways joining in EAST PROVIDENCE. The road passes through BARRINGTON, a shellfishing center, through WARREN, once a thriving seaport, later a textile town, and now, like its neighbor, a shellfishing headquarters, and thence to BRISTOL, one of the wealthiest and best known of early Rhode Island seaports. Although relatively idle today, it preserves monuments of its past in the mansions of Hope St.: *Linden Place*, the *Bradford House*, and the *Howe-Churchill-Diman House*. In the yards of the *Herreshoff Manufacturing Company* have been built most of the sloops successful in defending the 'America's' Cup.

*Mt. Hope Bridge*, commanding a superb view of land and water for many miles, connects the mainland with the Island. Here the countryside is characterized by broad farms, gray, mellow old Gothic houses, and fences of flat fieldstone.

If you've ever dreamt you dwelt in marble halls, then NEWPORT, on the actual Island of Rhode Island, is your place. *Ocean Drive* and the avenues in the upper part of the city will give you a view of Newport's palaces; the *Casino Theatre* with its Broadway plays and players is a good cure for your New York nostalgia. Engineers on vacation can probably get permission to visit the *United States Naval Torpedo Station*, a seventh wonder of the world's perfect machine shops. Travelers looking for atmosphere can find it in every back street, as well as in *Washington Square*, which is dominated by the *Old Colony House* (1739), where several governments have met. Students of architecture should see the extant works of Peter Harrison: the *Redwood Library*, the *Touro Synagogue*, and the *Brick Market*. And finally, Newport has stimulating sea breezes, and beaches that demand no waiting for tides. The city is celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of its founding in the summer of 1939.





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# B U Z Z A R D S   B A Y   A N D   T H E I S L A N D S

*Whalers to Motor-Cruisers*

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US 6; New Bedford, 32 m. from Newport.

ACROSS Vineyard Sound two ancient salty rivals face each other: New Bedford and Nantucket, once the leading whaling ports of the world. 'Thar she blows!' That was the cry that spelled wealth and fame for both of them, when for a century and a half Buzzards Bay was the world center of a golden industry.

The Bay itself is only half tamed. Dark islands rise up from its depths, the last strongholds of a primitive wilderness. Flung across it, the ELIZABETH ISLANDS form a slender archipelago. East of them jut the bold headlands of Martha's Vineyard, 'a land of old towns, new cottages, high cliffs, white sails, green fairways, salt water, wild fowl, and the steady pull of an ocean breeze.' And out beyond the Vineyard lies the Island of Nantucket, with its 'little gray town in the sea.'

NEW BEDFORD is now a textile city. But the *Museum of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society* and the *Bourne Whaling Museum* on Johnny Cake Hill perpetuate the nautical tradition in a display of large and small ships' models, harpoons, whaling guns, knives, mammoth kettles, and 'scrimshaw' knickknacks carved from whale's teeth and bone, the work of whalemens in their leisure moments.

The steamer from New Bedford crosses the Bay, making its first call at WOODS HOLE. Then it slides through the Channel across Vineyard Sound and calls at OAK BLUFFS, Martha's Vineyard, a crowded summer resort. Gingerbread 'Swiss' cottages are snuggled together under the shadow of the *Methodist Tabernacle*; the town has been the scene of summer camp-meetings since 1835 and is still going strong.

EDGARTOWN, to the south, once a most prosperous home-port for the Vineyard whalers, is an up-and-coming summer colony. The *Thomas Cooke House* (1766) is the headquarters of the Dukes County Historical Society. The *Public Library* on Water St. displays a collection of paintings and etchings by well-known Martha's Vineyard artists, and some noteworthy bronze statuary.

Along the *Takemmy Trail* lies the 4400-acre *State Forest*. To the south a fenced cairn, an *Indian Memorial to the Reverend Thomas Mayhew*, the first proprietor of the island, commemorates the devotion of his red-skinned converts.

WEST TISBURY boasts that every wildflower known to eastern Massachusetts has been found in its *Tea Lane* section, a treasure house for botanists.

GAY HEAD, the southwestern tip of the Island, has since 1711 been reserved largely for descendants of the Indians. Below the lighthouse which marks its bold promontory, the *Gay Head Cliffs* drop sheer to a narrow beach. By all means charter a small boat, sail out into the sunset, and look back at the cliffs, which display strata of vari-colored clay, red, blue, orange, white, gray-green, tawny, black.

From *Indian Hill* on the northwest shore, Martha's Vineyard appears as wild and unspoiled as when Bartholomew Gosnold landed here in 1602. South and east as far as eye can reach stretches a level plain of scrub forest. Not a village, hardly a cleared patch that might be an isolated farm. Westward the barren hills roll away, broken only by rocky outcroppings and tree-filled ravines. Northward lies the blue Sound with the Elizabeth Islands discernible on the horizon.

The deceptive impression of wildness, however, is quickly corrected as you descend into VINEYARD HAVEN, a popular summer resort on the harbor.

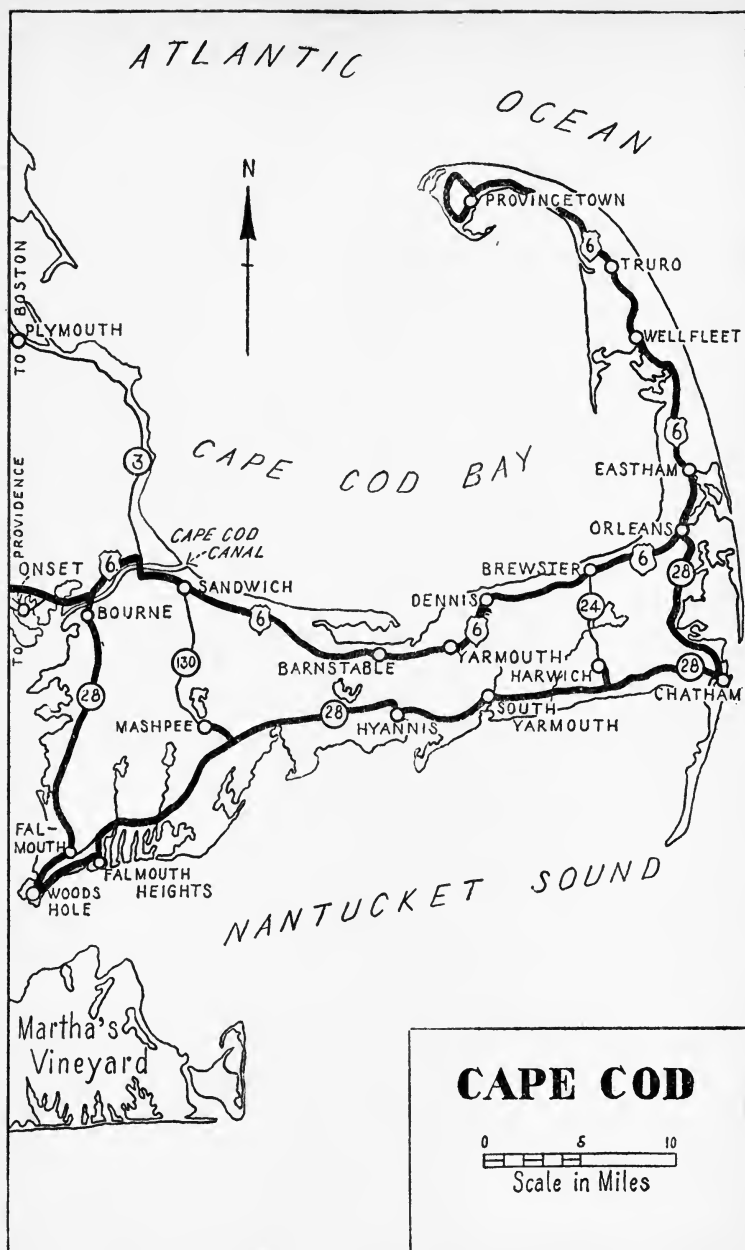
NANTUCKET is gay all summer with vacation throngs, yet it has somehow preserved the simplicity of an earlier day in its cobble-stoned streets, its comfortable square white houses and gray-weathered cottages, its open moors swept by salt breezes, its stately trees. There's still meaning to the Indian name *Canopache* — the Place of Peace. In the town you should visit the *Art Gallery*, crammed with the work of famous summer residents; the *Whaling Museum*, once a factory for the production of sperm candles, now a memorial to the great whaling days; the *Jethro Coffin House* (1686), with its brickwork horseshoe on the great chimney to keep the witches from popping down it; the *Maria Mitchell House*, birthplace of the famous astronomer and discoverer of the Maria Mitchell comet, and the near-by *Observatory* and *Scientific Library*; the *Old Mill on the Hill*, where, if the wind is due west, the miller may grind some cornmeal for you while you wait; the *Friends' Meeting House* with its hard benches, bare floor, and candles in iron holders on the walls.

At SIASCONSET — better known to Nantucket-lovers as 'Sconset — notice the blue shutters on many of the cottages. Tradition has it that



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in the past this hue was reserved by unwritten law for captains' and first mates' houses only. *Altar Rock*, one of 'Saul's Hills,' though only slightly more than 100 feet in altitude, is the highest point on the Island, an ideal spot of a summer morning from which to gaze lazily out over the moors, white beaches, and surf-bordered blue.



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## C A P E C O D

### *Salty Towns and Sand Dunes*

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US 6, Mass. 28; Bourne 30 *m.* from New Bedford, 55 *m.* from Boston.

'THE bare and bended arm of Massachusetts' — that's what Thoreau, who made a walking trip from Orleans to Provincetown in 1849, called this strange ridge of sand that encloses the southern waters of Massachusetts Bay. Orleans is the elbow, Truro the wrist, Provincetown the hand — a hand arrested in a friendly gesture of beckoning.

An interesting day's drive? About 150 miles of changing scenery from the Canal to Race Point and back again. Roll along down by US 6. That shows you the true Cape. Miles of bare, shifting dunes. Square miles of salt marshes with glimpses of blue water beyond. Acres of cranberry bog, ruddy toward autumn. Knolls of scrub pine. Neat villages, tidy farmhouses, dignified white-clapboarded mansions built for sea-captains. Triangular village greens, quiet old burying grounds, steepled churches.

Coming back, leave US 6 just beyond the old Orleans Inn. Bear left and follow the great loop of Mass. 28 along the contour of the South Shore. Here you will see the Cape tamed and grown sophisticated. The lazy surf breaks on half-hidden sandbars. There are great summer estates and fashionable hotels, landscaped lawns, country clubs, and exclusive communities. Motoring past, you will be captivated by the little Cape Cod cottages: the one-and-a-half story, hugging the earth as if for warmth, a massive chimney always centrally placed; the 'half-a-cape' with chimney at one end, built in hope that the other half could be added to make a whole in better days.

Here are miles of sand beaches, some well populated, many of them so lonely that you can have a square mile or two quite to yourself. Still water on calm days on the bay side, surf at all times on the ocean side, in some places within easy walking distance of each other.

'Up-Cape' toward the base, the sporting life is high: yacht-racing, motor- and surf-boating, golf, tennis, squash, horseback riding, skiing on pine needles — all very smart in sport clothes of precisely the right casualness. 'Down-Cape' existence is simpler; you swim and sun-bathe, dig clams, fish, hike or ride through the woods, dress as you like, carry your own bag if you golf.

Cape Cod is really an island now, cut off by the *Cape Cod Canal*, one of the country's key waterways, a ditch eight miles long, 500 feet wide, thirty-two feet deep, winding along between high dunes from Buzzards Bay to Cape Cod Bay. If you come by motor you will cross one of two impressive bridges, both of them high enough to permit the largest freighter, coasting steamer, or schooner to pass beneath without need of any draw. The Canal was first talked of in Governor Winthrop's day, was actually projected by George Washington, but not built until a hundred and fifty years later. Opened to traffic in 1914, it has since been spanned by magnificent bridges, widened, deepened, and bordered by landscaped slopes and highways.

At BOURNE (on the south bank of the Canal) is a clever reconstruction of the ancient Dutch structure known as the *Aptuxet Trading Post*, where the Pilgrims used to meet the Dutch fur-traders from Manhattan.

Crossing by the Sagamore (northern) bridge into SANDWICH, you should visit the *Museum* and see its collection of Sandwich glass.

BARNSTABLE has a larger population than any other Cape town. There are two good specimens of early Cape architecture here, the *Sturgis Library* (1645) and the *Coach House* (1640).

Rolling on down-Cape by US 6 you will pass under the *Cathedral Elms* of YARMOUTH — a mile and a half of highway under a Gothic arch of green. Notice too, the *Skipper's Homes* — some fifty of them proudly lining this avenue, wrapped in 19th-century dignity — and especially the *Thatcher House*, whose huge chimney bears the date 1680.

You're bound to go to DENNIS for two things, the *Cape Cod Playhouse*, and the *Cape Cinema* with its mural by Rockwell Kent. Climb the *Stone Tower* on Scargo Hill south of the village if you wish one of the finest views hereabout.

In BREWSTER and ORLEANS are a number of old houses — the *Crosby Cottage-Mansion*, *Captain Kendrick's House* — about which cling romantic stories of their seagoing builders. Between the two towns there is a State camping ground, the *Roland C. Nickerson Park*.

At EASTHAM *Nauset Light* and *Seth Knowle's Old Windmill* will perform in their respective ways for visitors.

WELLFLEET is haunted ground; you may already have read about the Sea-Witch of Billingsgate with her black cat and her gray goat and her red-heeled shoes, and about poor Goody Hallett, Black Bellamy's sweetheart. As you enter town, notice the dory 'setting' high and dry in the first fork on the left, spilling over all summer long with its cargo of petunias and marigolds. It is one of several 'Joseph's Gardens' on the

Cape, so named from the pathetic story of a humble pastor who wanted a dory 'to take his ease in on the sea' and of a storm that set his dory high ashore and filled it with uprooted rosebushes.

As you approach TRURO the Hill of Churches rises up before you with its three spired meeting houses (one of them the Town Hall), set high above the village, 'to be nearer to God and as a landmark for fishermen.'

At North Truro, Depot Rd. runs straight across the Cape at one of its narrowest parts. It ends on the ocean side at *Highland Light*, one of the most important beacons on the Atlantic Coast, though not as important now as it was before radio. The 66-foot white lighthouse sits high on the Clay Pounds, from which you may look out to sea with the knowledge that there is nothing between you and Spain but the smoke of a trawler on the horizon.

Running westward, Depot Rd. passes a tiny park on the brink of a pond, where a *Bronze Tablet* on a boulder records for sentimental visitors the fact that a Pilgrim scouting party led by Captain Myles Standish spent here their first night on American soil.

At the end of the road the *Old Bayberry Candle Place*, a Cape institution, all summer long attracts crowds who come to see Cape Cod girls dip the fragrant green candles by hand in the old-fashioned manner. From its rude porch there opens out an unsurpassed view of Cape Cod Bay, which here resembles a shallow bowl between Long Point on the west and the jutting headland of Pamet on the south.

Beyond Truro and at the Tip of the Cape lies one of the oldest of towns, a huddle of small houses and shops, roofs and doors of every color, dooryard gardens gay from June to October with petunias, marigolds, madonna lilies, scarlet poppies, blue delphinium. PROVINCETOWN is an amazing hybrid. The Pilgrims left it something. Lawless fishermen and freebooters set their stamp on it. Young Portuguese, shipping on American whalers to escape military duty and poverty, have since conquered it. Add the artist colony and you have an aggregate of extraordinary contradictions.

Dominating Provincetown, atop its highest dune, the *Pilgrim Monument* pierces the sky. 'Way up along,' at the end of Commercial St., is the *First Landing-Place of the Pilgrims*. The ruins of *Eugene O'Neill's House*, a mecca for literary pilgrims, lie on the outer beach near the *Peaked Hill Coast Guard Station* at the end of Snail Road. The *Church of St. Mary of the Harbor* (Episcopal) is adorned with the works of painters, sculptors, and craftsmen widely known beyond the confines of Province-

town. Number 473 Commercial St. is the *Home of Donald B. MacMillan*, explorer with Peary at the discovery of the North Pole. The *Historical Museum* on 'Front Street' has a fine Arctic exhibit loaned by Commander MacMillan, and a rare collection of authentic Sandwich glass.

Out beyond the town lie the vast, uninhabited *Province Lands* that take your breath with their strangeness, their fantastic upswirl of shifting sands bound tenuously by patches of deep-rooted beach grass, bayberry and beach plum and huckleberry, dwarf pine and oak. And at the end of the highway are a *Lighthouse*, a *Coastguard Station*, a few drab cottages, a wild beach with the skeleton of a wrecked rum-runner alternately half-buried by the winter gales and dug up again by their clawing fingers.

Returning by the South Shore (Mass. 28 from Orleans), you pass the *Radio Corporation of America Marine Station* in CHATHAM. At CHATHAM CENTER, in the Congregational Church, are the *Wight Murals* which made a stir because Alice Wight represented Christ as a rugged fisherman in a blue shirt and dungarees preaching from a Cape Cod dory. Her 'Church Supper' is composed of portraits of living parishioners and townsfolk.

At HARWICH is a famous old *Cape Cod Windmill*, similar to the one Henry Ford bought and carried away against furious local opposition.

In SOUTH YARMOUTH, *Indian Memorial Drive* leads to the pond on whose sloping shore are buried the last of the Yarmouth 'Praying Indians.' HYANNIS, the trading center of the Cape, has many smart shops.

On COTUIT BAY are the *Oyster Sheds*, flat-bottomed boats, and odoriferous shell-heaps that mark the headquarters of the famous oyster industry.

At MASHPEE live the last of the Cape Indians, now a mixed race, eking out an existence by small farming and cranberry picking. The *Old Indian Church*, never closed, is the oldest church on the Cape.

FALMOUTH HEIGHTS, topped by summer cottages, rises boldly above Vineyard Sound. Follow the shore road to WOODS HOLE; clustered on the waterfront are the *U.S. Lighthouse Service*, with its yard full of mammoth buoys in drydock; the *U.S. Bureau of Fisheries*, where you may learn how the ocean is stocked with fish; the *Oceanographic Institute*, from which you will emerge with a deal of scientific information about tides and currents; and the *Clapp Marine Biological Laboratory*, with a most interesting museum of local marine flora and fauna. The picturesque *Swordfishing Fleet* ties up at the Nantucket Steamer docks.

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Beyond from little *Nobska Light*, you can look across the narrowest part of the Sound to Martha's Vineyard.

Back to FALMOUTH, and then on Mass. 28 to the mainland by the *Bourne Bridge*, across which you should crawl at a footpace to get a truly thrilling view, north and south, of the Canal.





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## PLYMOUTH AND THE SOUTH SHORE

### *Pilgrim Shades and Shrines*

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Mass. 3; Plymouth, 20 m. from Bourne, 36 m. from Boston.

BETWEEN Boston and the Cape Cod Canal lies the South Shore, a sixty-five-mile strip of white sand beaches and rolling country with salt marsh and cranberry bog in the hollows and white pine crowning the knolls. Overlooking the ocean are widely spaced summer resorts, large, solid 'cottages,' comfortable bungalows, well-groomed estates. The Shore Drive (Mass. 3A) parallels the coastline, and as you follow it you'll get alternate glimpses of placid meadows and groves, sandy or pebbly beaches. The inland towns along the way form a patchwork landscape of lawns, shade trees, truck gardens, strawberry patches, flower farms, and nurseries. Dexterous Portuguese 'pickers' strip the bogs each year of carloads of firm, red cranberries. Tourist signs blossom out with the first leaves. The South Shore supports itself in diverse ways, but one thing its people have in common — the contented knowledge that they tread on hallowed ground, walking literally in the steps of their forefathers. They *live* in a region to which the rest of the nation makes patriotic pilgrimage.

QUINCY is famed for granite and distinguished citizens. At its entrance a large signboard announces in foot-high letters: 'BIRTH-PLACE OF JOHN ADAMS AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' — to which an unknown hand has added in a charcoal scrawl the enigmatic post-script: '*and Joe Robinson.*' You may visit the distinguished birthplaces (except Joe Robinson's). The *John Adams Home* is a little red farmhouse enclosed by a rail fence with a turnstile. Within are a steep, winding stair, a huge central chimney and mammoth fireplace, hand-hewn beams, and a secret chamber. The *John Quincy Adams Birthplace*, a red salt-box of much the same structure, stands next door. The *Vassal-Adams Mansion*, later residence of the two Presidents, is a fine type of Georgian Colonial, white-clapboarded, with brick ends and five chimneys. The *Colonel Josiah Quincy House*, a square yellow dwelling with white block quoins and pillared portico, was originally the home of a gentleman farmer, later that of a president of Harvard College. The *Dorothy Quincy*

*House*, a spacious hip-roofed mansion, was the birthplace and home of the spirited young woman who became the wife of John Hancock. The *Granite Quarry* furnished the stone for Bunker Hill Monument and for much of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Boston.

From the bridge over Fore River you can see the huge *Shipbuilding Plant* of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

At 32 Copeland St. is the *Cooperative Market*, founded by the Finns of Quincy twenty-five years ago, and now in the public eye as a practical example of a movement encouraged by many social economists.

HINGHAM preserves its early flavor of dignity, substance, and simplicity. The walls of the *Old Garrison House* are filled with a mixture of clay and straw bound in bales to repel musket balls. The *Old Ordinary* (tavern) houses the Hingham Historical Society's collection of antique furniture and Americana. The *Old Ship Church* is the storm center of a perennial controversy. Is it so called because at one time all its pillars were sea-captains? Or because the ship carpenters who built it put a lookout on its roof?

NANTASKET BEACH, to the east, a narrow sandbar some three miles long, shares honors with Revere as 'Boston's Coney Island.'

At COHASSET, the most elegant of Boston's South Shore summer resorts, is *St. Stephen's Episcopal Church*, designed by Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson in perpendicular Gothic, with fine stained-glass windows and a carillon of fifty-one bells. Offshore is *Minot's Light*, a granite tower 114 feet high, built in 1860 after the preceding iron structure with its keepers was swept away in a storm.

In SCITUATE you may see the *Well* made famous by a native, Samuel Woodworth, in the once popular song, 'The Old Oaken Bucket.'

'DANIEL WEBSTER'S CHOICE OF A HOME — WHY NOT YOURS?' So inquires the town of MARSHFIELD on a huge sign by the highway. There is a *State Pheasant Farm* here where you may see these slender, proudly burnished birds at all stages of their development. The *Old Winslow House* (1699) has the usual huge fireplaces and the not-usual secret chamber.

DUXBURY was America's first summer resort. Away back in 1627 or thereabouts, Myles Standish, John Alden, Jonathan Brewster, Thomas Prentice, and their families, upon formally giving their written promise to return to Plymouth in the fall, were permitted to repair to its pleasant beach-bordered fields during the warm months. Duxbury, still the South Shore summer resort of First Families, has passed down its plots of ground and beach and its old houses from father to son. The stamp of Pilgrim ancestry has never been erased. Standish graves dominate the *Old Bury-*

ing Ground; the *Standish Monument* crowns the summit of Captain's Hill.

At KINGSTON, really a suburb of Plymouth, the *Bradford House* (1674) will show you windows with the old diamond-shaped panes, a Dutch oven, a rack for hooking rugs, and a well with a 'sweep.'

*Plymouth Rock* is a lodestone which every year draws thousands of latter-day pilgrim feet to PLYMOUTH. Did Mary Chilton really leap from the 'Mayflower's' shallop onto the small gray boulder now enshrined beneath a granite canopy at the steep foot of Cole's Hill? It is more convincing to picture a stalwart male Pilgrim, bare-legged below the breeches, toting pretty Mary across the wet flats and setting her down high and dry on the beach. But realism fades before the legend.

Plymouth's interest is definitely historic, centering about old houses, museums, monuments, and tablets. The *Tabitha Plasket House* (1722?) was the home of an early dame school. The *Richard Sparrow House* (1640) and the *John Howland House* (1666) are sympathetic restorations. The *Kendall Holmes House* (1666) is little changed. Honors in the battle of antiquity probably go to the *William Crowe House* (1664), with an original section reputed to be the oldest non-restored house still standing.

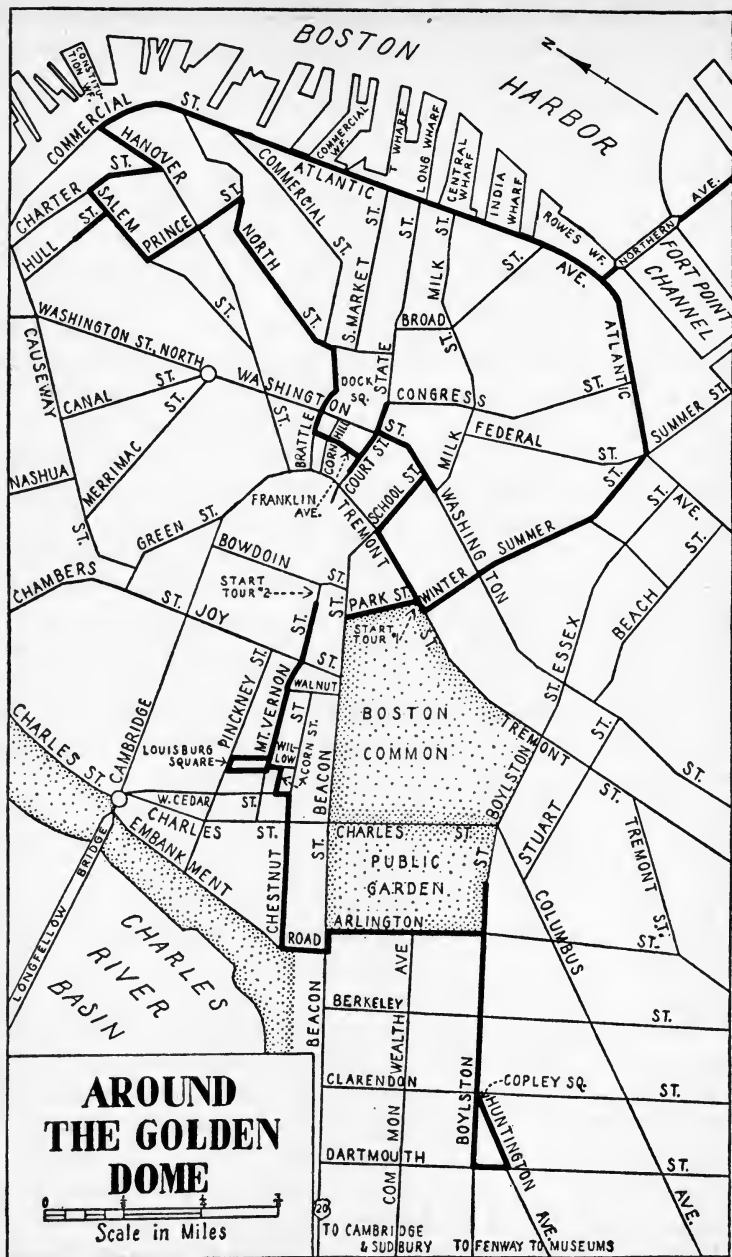
The *Antiquarian House* is comparatively youthful (1809); a child's playroom in the attic has an exhibit of 19th-century toys. In the *William Harlow House* (1677) the Plymouth Antiquarian Society keeps open house during the summer, re-enacting for visitors the early domestic life of the settlers. *Pilgrim Hall* is the repository of the official relics of the town's early days and a number of well-known historic paintings.

*Cole Hill* was the scene of the secret burials of the first-year victims of exposure and hunger. Over the graves was planted corn that the Indians might not know how many members the little band had lost. Yet the 'savages' were the forlorn newcomers' best friends and without their aid all might have perished, a fact commemorated by an imposing *Statue of Massasoit*.

*Brewster Gardens* are the setting for a *Statue of the Pilgrim Maid* and the *Ship Anne Memorial*. The *Pilgrim Mother Fountain*, corner of North and Water Sts., recalls the time-honored comment of the wag who, viewing it, remarked: 'Sure they should have a memorial. They had to stand all the hardships the Pilgrim Fathers did — and in addition they had to stand the Pilgrim Fathers.'

From Allerton St. rises the *National Monument to the Forefathers*, 81 feet high, the lifted hand of its central figure, *Faith*, pointing heavenward.

Over toward CARVER, one of the peaceful inland villages, is the *Myles Standish State Forest* (1916), covering 8000 acres and offering picnic and camping areas with fireplaces and tables on the banks of three small ponds.



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# AROUND THE GOLDEN DOME

*Boston and Thereabouts*

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US 1; Boston, 215 m. from New York.

BOSTON is the nub of New England: a prominent seaport and railroad depot, an industrial center and a seat of education and the arts, combining diversified pursuits in a queer shuffle of tradition and modernity. Its citizens, too, are hard nuts to crack. In the colonial era they rocked the Cradle of Liberty until the infant responded by overturning His Majesty's applear. Later generations produced men whose statesmanship and legal brilliance guided the nation through its stormy youth; novelists and poets who contributed their genius to a 'Golden Age' of letters; adventurers who scoured the seas in fleet clipper ships graceful as birds. Out of marshland and pasture slopes, the Yankee's flinty business sense created a commanding metropolis, powerful in commerce as it was advanced in thought. The same crooked streets that had echoed to Sam Adams' seditious demands for independence heard Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison espouse the cause of Negro liberation.

Old dwellings, mellow with historic associations, are wedged between modern business blocks. Narrow streets lead to narrower lanes, often still paved with uneven cobblestones, and a quarter seemingly drab may unexpectedly afford rare glimpses into a romantic bygone period. Beacon Hill abounds in out-of-the-way places of antique charm. And close by the golden-domed State House are the impressive residences and Federal mansions of Mount Vernon St.

But 'Old Boston' — the Boston Towne of Puritan divines and rebels, of sea-captains and blue-bloods — is today merely a nucleus of the larger city. From the Custom House Tower may be seen the sprawling chain of suburbs that enclose the original community. Dorchester, Milton, Roxbury, Brighton, Cambridge, Charlestown, Newton, Watertown, and Brookline, many of them independent townships but all contributing to the social and business life of the metropolis, constitute a vast residential ring whose population far outnumbers that of Boston proper. Across the Charles River Basin is Cambridge, site of many industries and the home

of Harvard University. Northwest of Boston are historic Concord and Lexington where colonial Minutemen withstood British fire at the outbreak of the Revolution.

For the visitor who must budget his time — and his money — there are a bewildering number of things to see, things to do. One part history to two parts of the contemporary scene is a sensible recipe for the Boston cocktail. The only aftereffects will be perhaps a wistful desire for more — for another ride on the swan boats, another night at the Pops, another helping of real baked beans and brown bread, or the sea foods for which the Hub is famous.

### FOOT TOUR 1 — THE OLD CITY

Standing on the corner of Park and Tremont Sts., you are at one of Boston's busiest intersections. To the left is the green expanse of *Boston Common*, with its crazy-quilt pattern of walks laid out by the cows of early settlers. The Common has had a colorful history; in the Puritan era it was the scene of floggings and hangings, while later generations flocked to its grassy slopes for meetings and military reviews. Park St. ascends briefly to Beacon St. and the *State House*, its original Bulfinch front of brick flanked by two massive marble wings. The spectacular display in the *Hall of Flags* is well worth the brief climb. Retracing, you'll be once again at Park and Tremont Sts. in the shadow of the *Park Street Church* (1809), on 'Brimstone Corner.' Proud, resolute, and quite in the Boston spirit is the graceful tower of this edifice. A few steps along Tremont St. will bring you to the *Old Granary Burying Ground*, adjoining the church, where are buried John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Paul Revere, nine early governors of the Commonwealth, and the victims of the Boston Massacre.

Cross Tremont St. and continue past Tremont Temple to School St. The *Parker House*, a modern hotel occupying the corner, was renowned in the 19th century for its brilliant Saturday Club, a gathering-place for New England's literary celebrities. On the opposite corner is *King's Chapel* (1754) and the *King's Chapel Burial Ground* (1630). The Chapel, designed by Peter Harrison, ranks with the finest surviving examples of colonial architecture. As the first Episcopal Church in New England and the first Unitarian Church in America it encountered stiff opposition from the Puritan gentry. In the adjacent burial ground, Boston's oldest, lie Governor Winthrop, John Cotton, and Mary Chilton Winslow.

School St. runs east to Washington St., and whoever runs east with it gets an excellent view of the *Old South Meeting House* (1729), which divides honors with Faneuil Hall as a scene of Revolutionary patriotism. Sam Adams was but one of many firebrands who raised the 'Old South's' roof with invective against the British Crown. When the participants in the Boston Tea Party gathered for the great event, it was no more than fitting that the line of march should begin here. During the siege of Boston, the British converted the interior into a riding school; since that time the building has undergone many restorations.

Swinging back north on Washington St. through Newspaper Row brings you to State St. and the *Old State House* (1713). From its low wooden balcony momentous proclamations were handed down to citizens — the Repeal of the Stamp Act, the Declaration of Independence, and finally the glad news of Continental victory.

Not to be missed is a brass arrow at 30 State St. pointing to a cobblestone circle which marks the *Site of the Boston Massacre*. Here, on March 5, 1770, the first blood of the Revolution was shed when British soldiers, flustered by taunts and catcalls, opened fire upon their hecklers.

You can return across Washington St. and follow Court St. toward *Scollay Square*. Dwight L. Moody 'was converted to God in a shoe store nearby' — so reads a tablet on the building opposite the City Hall Annex. The Annex stands on the *Site of the Old Courthouse* where the notorious Captain Kidd was tried, or so it is claimed.

The narrow alley beside the pipe shop is not an alley at all, but *Franklin Avenue*, quite typical of old Boston's thoroughfares 'where a good-sized cow's apt to get herself stuck.' If you follow the Avenue across *Cornhill*, famous for its second-hand bookstores, you'll descend into Brattle St. by way of a flight of old stone steps.

Turn right on Brattle St. into Dock Square for a good view of *Faneuil Hall*, 'the Cradle of Liberty,' completed in 1742 from designs by John Smibert, destroyed by fire twenty years later, and rebuilt in time to house many significant public meetings when feeling against King George ran high. Overtures to Revolution, these gatherings — clarion-voiced patriots lashing their audiences into a fury, while disgusted Tories stamped out with shouts of 'treason!' Familiar to every Bostonian is the grasshopper weathervane on the building's steeple.

*Dock Square* is the gateway to the *North End*, a quarter largely inhabited by Italians, as colorful and clamorous as it is congested. Of a Saturday night, the market district stretching north and east of the Square is a fiesta of foodstuffs and jostling shoppers.

North St. branches off to the left behind Faneuil Hall, and by following it you'll hit *North Square* and *Paul Revere's House* (1677). The four-room structure, typical of New England's 17th-century architecture, is open daily from 10 to 4 (*admission 25¢*). Within are many fine old pieces of furniture, two enormous fireplaces, and a number of Revere's etchings and manuscript letters.

Turn left from North Square into Prince St.; continue across Hanover St. into the most exotic and crowded thoroughfare of them all, Salem St. If you are still thinking about Paul Revere's House you'll derive added enjoyment from the *Old North Church* (1723) at 193 Salem St. Notice the pews, bearing brass plates inscribed with the names of their 18th-century owners; a number of these are still in the possession of descendants. The present steeple was designed by Bulfinch in 1808 to replace the earlier one by William Price. And, as every schoolboy will tell you, it was from the Old North's steeple that the signal was flashed to send Revere on his midnight ride. 'One if by land and two if by sea. . .'

Opposite the Church is Hull St., ascending to the *Copp's Hill Burying Ground*, where many of Boston's early residents are interred. You may enter the enclosure through an iron gate on the Hull St. side and stroll the paths running between groups of weatherbeaten tombstones. The inscriptions are anything but cheerful, quite in the Puritan vein of doleful reflections upon man's mortality.

Not the least of Copp's Hill's attractions is the view of Boston Harbor and the environs. Directly opposite is EAST BOSTON, with its fine airport and huge docks for transatlantic shipping. CHARLESTOWN lies to the northwest, and is reached by surface car or the 'El' from the North Station. That lofty granite obelisk piercing the sky is *Bunker Hill Monument*, Charlestown's pride. It is situated on Breed's Hill, off City Square, marking the site of the engagement between British and Continentals on June 17, 1775. The *Charlestown Navy Yard* rates a place in your itinerary, both for its contemporary aspects and for a trip aboard the *U.S. Frigate 'Constitution'* ('*Old Ironsides*').

An excellent return to Boston Common, your starting point, is by way of the waterfront. Retrace to the Old North Church and proceed north on Salem St. to Charter St.; turn left here and follow Charter St. into Hanover St. Hanover St. runs north into Commercial St. near *Constitution Wharf*, where 'Old Ironsides' was launched in 1797. Commercial St., running south, branches off to the right and Atlantic Ave. begins. Of all the wharves on the waterfront, *T Wharf*, at 178 Atlantic Ave., is the most fascinating. As the center of the 'little man's fishing industry,' it



retains much of the glamour lost by large-scale methods. The Latin fishermen, as colorful in speech and dress as their gaudily painted trawlers, are something to see, and you'll enjoy having a sea dinner in one of the wharf's several small restaurants. From *Rowe's Wharf*, further south, ferryboats cross the harbor to East Boston, connecting with the Narrow Gauge Railroad for Revere, Winthrop, and Lynn. Nantasket Beach steamers, offering a pleasant cruise among the islands of Boston Harbor, sail hourly from here during the summer months.

Just below Rowe's Wharf, Northern Ave. branches left from Atlantic Ave. across Fort Point Channel and into SOUTH BOSTON. You might visit the *Boston Fish Pier* (Pier 6 on Northern Ave.), largest of its kind in the world, for contrast with the more romantic atmosphere on T Wharf. Nor is the Fish Pier South Boston's sole bid for your interest. *Castle Island*, centered by the massive stone walls of *Fort Independence*; the *Boston Aquarium* and the *City Point Bathing Beach*, all located at South Boston's northeastern edge, are favorite haunts for sightseers. From the Park Street Subway it's but a short ride on the City Point streetcar.

Continuing down Atlantic Ave., you'll reach the *South Station*. Summer St. runs west from here, experiencing a seasonal change and becoming Winter St. as it crosses Washington St. between three of Boston's major department stores. Follow the brief stretch of Winter St. and you emerge onto Tremont St., facing Boston Common and the Park Street Church.

## FOOT TOUR 2 — BEACON HILL AND THE BACK BAY

From the State House, Beacon St. follows the slope of Beacon Hill down to Charles St. in a line of austere 19th-century residences. To the rear of these stretches the 'Hill' itself, a fanciful clutter of mansions, studios, lodging-houses, and tenements. A good way to enter this stronghold of Brahmins and Bohemians is through that wing of the State House directly opposite Park St. You emerge into the spacious square that marks the beginning of *Mt. Vernon Street*, 'the only civilized street in America,' according to Henry James.

Turn left from the State House steps and follow Mt. Vernon St. under the Annex and across Joy St. Here commences the procession of stately homes set off by fenced-in lawns and shaded by patriarchal trees. At 57 lived Charles Francis Adams, Sr., Minister to Britain during the Civil

War and father of Henry Adams, distinguished historian. William Ellery Channing resided at 83, and at 85 is the *Sears House*, designed by Bulfinch.

Halfway down the Hill a surprise awaits you as Mt. Vernon St. opens into *Louisburg Square*, tranquil and detached as though it were miles removed from the roaring traffic of Charles St. It might well be a fashionable quarter of 18th-century London, so sedate and quietly prosperous are the brick dwellings facing its miniature fenced-in green. Walk the length of the Square and back, taking care not to trip on the cobblestones, and you'll have absorbed more of the Hill's peculiar charm than a wagonload of guide books could convey to you. Then proceed straight ahead across Mt. Vernon St. down *Willow St.*, a typical old Boston lane from which *Acorn St.* branches off to the right. Acorn St. is even narrower than its parent, seeming at first glance little more than an alley. If you follow through to West Cedar St., however, you'll better understand the premium that Beacon Hill realtors set on quaintness.

Now left on West Cedar St. into *Chestnut Street*, worth strolling for a glimpse of its beautiful and immaculately kept doorways. At the foot of the Hill, Chestnut crosses Charles St. into what is technically the Back Bay, but in spirit and appearance more an extension of 'Boston's great hump.' This continuation of Chestnut St. opens on the *Esplanade*, which borders the Charles River Basin. Here, in surroundings that are a triumph of landscape architecture, members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra present a series of free outdoor concerts on summer evenings.

Continue left from Chestnut St. on Embankment Rd. to Beacon St.; left again and cross Beacon to Arlington Street, bordering the western side of the *Public Garden*. The formal beauty of this garden attracts crowds of sightseers, particularly when the spring tulips are in bloom. Don't miss the opportunity to ride in the swan boats that compete in grace with the live swans inhabiting the shallow lake. And if the swan boats are too tame for you, there are rowboats for hire. Notice the statues fronting on the Boylston St. side, and the most famous statue of all, the equestrian bronze of George Washington which faces Arlington St. at the beginning of *Commonwealth Avenue*. The Avenue, incidentally, is Boston's most fashionable thoroughfare.

Turn right from Arlington Street into Boylston Street, and stroll along to *Copley Square*. The Square is a model of architectural elegance, centered by a triangular green which affords a fine view of the *Boston Public Library* (1895). This handsome Italian Renaissance structure, designed by Charles Follen McKim, houses one of the largest collections of books in

the world. In addition to visiting its delightful interior court, an adaptation of the Palazzo della Cancelleria in Rome, you should see the fine wall paintings by Abbey, Sargent, and Puvis de Chavannes on the upper floors. Facing west of Copley Square near the Copley Plaza Hotel is *Trinity Church* (1877), the triumph of Henry Hobson Richardson's architectural style; in the church grounds is Saint-Gaudens' *Statue of Phillips Brooks*. On Boylston St., to the rear of the Library, is *Boston University*, ranking among the largest universities in the United States.

*Huntington Avenue* begins at Copley Square, running southwest past many buildings of civic and cultural importance. By taking a Huntington Ave. streetcar at the Square, you'll save yourself considerable time and effort, for from here on the Back Bay becomes less compact for the sightseer.

Near the junction of Huntington and Massachusetts Ave. are two institutions of note. The *Christian Science Church* (1904) is the Mother Church of Mrs. Eddy's organization. Buildings of an associated nature surround it, creating a veritable 'city' widely visited by members of the Faith. *Symphony Hall* (1900), home of the internationally acclaimed Boston Symphony Orchestra, is also the scene of the unique 'Pops' concerts during the spring months. Further south on Huntington Ave. are the *New England Conservatory of Music*, *Northeastern University*, and the *Museum of Fine Arts* (open daily except Monday; admission free). Be sure to take in the Museum's magnificent collection of Oriental art, virtually unequalled in scope and rarity; the American wing contains a wealth of colonial silver and fascinating period furnishings.

The rear of the Museum opens on the *Fenway*, a pleasant parkway through which Muddy Brook winds snake-like, spanned by numerous picturesque bridges. Fronting on the Fenway, to the west of the Museum of Fine Arts, is Boston's most extraordinary show spot, the *Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum*. 'Mrs. Jack Gardner's Venetian Palace' is just that, a real Venetian palace, and its priceless collection of art is as brilliant and unorthodox as was Mrs. Jack Gardner herself. *Simmons College* is just beyond on the Fenway.

Before taking the streetcar back to Park St., you might continue south past the 'Palace' to the impressive marble buildings of the *Harvard Medical School*, reached by proceeding along the Avenue Louis Pasteur. From the Medical Center, Longwood Ave. runs east to Huntington Ave. and the car line.

## MOTOR TOUR — CAMBRIDGE AND POINTS NORTHWEST

CAMBRIDGE is a 'college town,' for within its limits are *Radcliffe College*, *Harvard University*, and the *Massachusetts Institute of Technology*. Cambridge residents, however, are inclined to regard these centers of higher learning as foreign settlements. Harvard in particular is something of a Vatican within the Cambridge Rome.

From the Park Street Subway, the rapid transit crosses the Charles River to Harvard Square. To reach the Square by motor, proceed down Beacon St. to Massachusetts Ave.; swing right and follow the Avenue across Harvard Bridge into Cambridge. On your right are the neoclassic buildings of the *Massachusetts Institute of Technology*, grouped around a U-shaped square. A beautiful view of Beacon Hill, with the golden dome of the State House, is afforded from the bridge.

Follow Massachusetts Ave. through Central Square into *Harvard Square*. Here you'll encounter students of all nationalities and with all manner of sartorial eccentricities. Battered felt hats, soiled white shoes, baggy trousers, and sport coats comprise the orthodox undergraduate regalia. No less eye-filling in their way are the faculty members, for Harvard sets its own standards in fashion as in weightier matters.

You may wish to stop and acquaint yourself with more of Harvard than meets the eye from the Square; in that case, follow Massachusetts Ave. east and enter the *Harvard Yard* by the McKean Gate. Of American college campuses, none is more charming and mellow than 'the Yard.' The *Widener Library*, on the south side, contains a world-famous collection of books and manuscripts, including a *Treasure Room* devoted to rare editions. *University Hall*, designed by Charles Bulfinch in 1813, is one of the Yard's most attractive buildings; *Massachusetts Hall*, directly opposite, is the oldest of all the Harvard structures, having been erected in 1720. Leaving the Yard by the southeast gate, turn left on Quincy St. The *Fogg Art Museum* (open weekdays, 9-5) houses a fine art collection, among which are a number of superb Italian primitives. Notice *Memorial Hall*, a monstrous red-brick structure in Victorian Gothic style, as you turn right from Quincy St. into Kirkland St. Three other museums of repute are the *Germanic Museum*, at the corner of Divinity Ave. and Kirkland St., the *Semitic Museum* near-by, and the *University Museum*, renowned for its glass flowers.

Retrace to Harvard Square and follow Boylston St. south to the *Larz*

*Anderson Bridge*; turn left onto Memorial Drive. Here the University presents its most pictorial aspect, for the Charles River borders its rim like an Old World moat. Students saunter in groups over the *Weeks Bridge*, spanning the river below the Larz Anderson Bridge, and gather to watch the Harvard oarsmen at practice, studies in flawless symmetry. Across the Charles, looking much like a separate institution of learning, is the *School of Business Administration*, close by *Soldier's Field* and the massive *Stadium*, where the seasonal football games are held; along Memorial Drive are ivied college houses.

Back to Harvard Square again, and before leaving this neighborhood you should visit the peaceful *Common*, just northwest of the Square past the *First Parish Church* (1833), the *Old Town Burying Ground* (1636), and *Christ Church* (1761). Drive up Garden St. to Mason St. and you'll be at the *Site of the Washington Elm*, under which Washington assumed command of the Continental Army in 1775.

Cut through Mason Street to *Brattle Street*, the street of ancestral elms and handsome residences. You might proceed west on Brattle St. to the *Craigie-Longfellow House* (1759), home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In colonial times this house was one of seven that made up 'Tory Row,' and when its owner fled to Boston in 1774 it became the headquarters of General Washington. In Washington's private chamber, later used as a study by the young Longfellow, were written 'The Psalm of Life' and 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.'

From Harvard Square, follow Mass. 2A (Massachusetts Ave.) through ARLINGTON, to LEXINGTON, where on April 19, 1775, farmers aroused by Revere's midnight ride assembled to prevent General Gage from confiscating stores of ammunition at near-by Concord. Visit the *Lexington Battle Ground*, 'Birthplace of American Liberty,' for it was here that the valiant Minutemen clashed with superior British troops. Marking the triangular Green is H. H. Kitson's familiar *Minuteman Statue*.

Route 2A continues on to CONCORD, rich in literary and historical lore. Of course you'll make a bee-line for the *Battleground*, off Monument St., near a concrete reproduction of the original wooden *Bridge* that spanned the Concord River. Here, on April 19, Concord Minutemen fired 'the shot heard round the world.' The *Minuteman*, Daniel Chester French's famous statue, guards the site of the momentous skirmish, and near-by you'll find a *Monument* marking the graves of British soldiers.

Concord in the 19th century was a center of intellectual activity, and 'Concord Transcendentalism' was as familiar to Emerson's contempora-

ries as are Concord grapes to the housewife of today. Emerson was the sage of the movement, but closely associated with him were Hawthorne, William Ellery Channing, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau, and Amos Bronson Alcott. The *Emerson House*, at Lexington Rd. and the Cambridge Turnpike, preserves many of the original furnishings and portraits. Near-by is the *Antiquarian House*, a museum of interest for its several fine period rooms. Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Channing, and the Alcotts are all buried in *Sleepy Hollow Cemetery* on Bedford Rd.

From Concord take Mass. 126 to WAYLAND; turn right on US 20 for *The Wayside Inn* (1686), immortalized by Longfellow in his 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' and a famous hostelry in colonial times. The landmark is furnished with many rare antiques and objects of historical interest.

Mass. 27 from Wayland will take you to NATICK, site of one of the Reverend John Eliot's Indian Praying Towns. Then continuing eastward by Mass. 135 on your return trip to Boston, you will pass the extensive grounds of *Wellesley College*.







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# CAPE ANN AND THE NORTH SHORE

*From Witches to Captains Courageous*

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US 1, Mass. 1A, 129, 127, 121, 1A; Cape Ann, 38 m. from Boston.

YOUR speedometer will show only 40 miles when you drive from Boston to Rockport on the tip of Cape Ann, but you would travel several hundred miles if, like the map-maker's pencil point, you traced each cove and promontory. And you might travel a thousand miles or more without ever finding anything at once so varied, so full of historical memories, so rich in natural beauty, as this short strip of rugged coastline.

As briny as barnacles on a ship's keel are the coastal towns and villages of the North Shore, a region of safe harbors guarded by rocky headlands. Slim, sleek-hulled yachts ride at anchor where once schooners tied up to unload cargoes from the Indies and the Orient. When towns and formal estates leave space, fields and lingering woods slope down close to the shore. On the interior moorlands, wild roses perfume the air; in the fall the red of swamp alder glows above gray bayberries. Salt marshes stretch for miles, throwing into high relief against their tawny flatness the white brilliance of sand dunes along Ipswich Bay.

Mass. 1A will be your route out of Boston. After it has led you through REVERE BEACH — Boston's Coney Island — and industrial LYNN, you'd better desert it for Mass. 129, which leads to the two-mile stretch of *Lynn Beach*, whose public bathhouses are jammed on Sundays and holidays. Right by a long causeway lie the two high, rocky islands of NAHANT. The numerous beaches of adjacent SWAMPSCOTT rim the town, divided from Lynn Beach and from each other by outcroppings of granite.

If you have stuck to Mass. 1A, you will pass, on Paradise Road, the *Mary Baker Eddy House*, where the founder of Christian Science gave her first demonstrations of healing, and the 17th-century *Humphrey House*, interesting as the home of John Humphrey of the Dorchester Adventurers, and later of the freethinking Lady Deborah Moody.

MARBLEHEAD you surely must not forego, whatever your choice of

road has been. Mass. 129 will bring you to it from Swampscott, or if you neglected your first chance to leave 1A, depart from it now where it again connects with 129 as you enter Salem, and swing back to the curious old town. A jumble of shingled roofs silvered by centuries of salt wind, of lanes and byways angling down to the harbor. Take a little time to wander, preferably afoot, through the crooked streets of the old quarter. Washington St., for first choice, where Willard's *Spirit of '76* hangs in Abbot Hall, and pre-Revolutionary houses shoulder each other. Among the best examples of its period anywhere is the *Jeremiah Lee Mansion* (1768), notable especially for its elaborate interior woodwork. Just around the corner on Hooper St. is the '*King*' *Hooper Mansion* (1745), home of a Tory merchant prince. The *Old Town House* (1727) was for years the meeting-place of turbulent Marblehead patriots. *St. Michael's* (1714) is the oldest Episcopal Church in New England. Don't neglect to climb to the top of *Old Burial Hill*, both for its outlook over town and harbor and for its Revolutionary gravestones.

It's easy to lose yourself in history as you look down from Old Burial Hill, unless the sight of the ocean changes your retrospective mood to one of lively anticipation. Well it may, for Marblehead is the yachting center of the New England seaboard, and rivaled only by Long Island and Narragansett in the East. In the secure harbor, protected from the open sea by *Marblehead Neck*, there is a continual movement of sail and throb of engines.

Beyond Marblehead lies SALEM — that grew in a century and a half from a handful of huts to a seaport of world renown. The myriad islands of the East Indies were as familiar to her captains as Baker's Island or Great Misery off the Salem shore. There are no more deep-water ships in Salem Harbor, but as a legend of seafaring the city is immortal. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Salem, the city of witches, of China trade, of stately houses that embody the ultimate artistic achievement of their times. There is even an excellent replica of the settlement of the Puritans (*Pioneer Village*, Forest River Park off Lafayette St.). Hawthorne's Salem was near the waterfront, where the granite finger of *Derby Wharf* beckoned the tall ships home. Almost within a stone's throw are the *Old Custom House*, where, desperate with boredom, he entered endless figures in his ledgers, and the *House of Seven Gables* on Turner St., which may or may not have been the one he described, but is well worth a visit anyway. Next to the Custom House is the *Richard Derby House* (1762), the oldest brick house in Salem.

When in the early 18th century Salem ships began to bring home

riches, captains and merchants deserted the waterfront, first for *Essex* and *Federal Streets* and then for *Chestnut Street* and *Washington Square*. Here they built rambling gambrel-roofed dwellings and, later, square Federalist houses — many designed by the woodcarver and architectural genius, Samuel McIntire, and enriched with the exquisite detail of which he was a master. No visit to Salem would be complete without several hours spent in the treasure houses of the past, the *Essex Institute* and the *Peabody Museum*, almost opposite each other on Essex St. The Institute maintains several distinguished houses, among them the 17th-century *Ward House* on the grounds and the McIntire-designed *Pingree House* (1810) next door. Besides its notable library, the Institute displays colonial portraits and has reassembled several rooms of period furniture. The Peabody Museum ship model collection is unequalled, and there are cases full of East Indian relics and whaling and navigation implements. Another museum, the *Ropes Memorial* on Essex St. (1719), is a delightful gambrel-roofed dwelling housing rare collections of china and glass.

Leaving Salem you cross the bridge into BEVERLY, and turn right to the waterfront on Mass. 127, the famous *North Shore Drive*. This serpentine highway commands caution, and most fortunately, for it leads through country that deserves a leisurely survey. The height of fashion and expense are the elaborate villas of PRIDE'S CROSSING and BEVERLY FARMS; occasional stables need but interior remodeling to serve as manor houses. And all this splendor is placed in a natural setting of rolling hills, satin-smooth lawns, and intermittent flashes of ocean. Between estates lie strips of beach, most of them sacrosanct. MANCHES-TER'S *Singing Beach*, to which the Town Fathers will admit you on their own conditions, gives forth a musical crunch. Through fashionable MAGNOLIA, with its little 'Fifth Avenue,' the Drive continues on to Gloucester, in the granite armpit of Cape Ann.

GLOUCESTER is one American city where tradition has continued unbroken for three centuries. Established as a fishing station only three years after the 'Mayflower' landed in Plymouth, it is still among the great fishing ports of the world. The first thing you'll notice as you cross Blynman Bridge into the city is the pungent odor — a blend of fish and tar and good salt air. To the right lies the harbor, called by Champlain 'le beau port.' The Esplanade is dominated by the bronze *Gloucester Fisherman*, a vigorous symbol of the men who go down to the sea in ships. Each year the people of Gloucester lay wreaths at his feet in tribute to sailing men who never came back to shore.

The wharves along the famous waterfront begin at 'the Fort,' just

beyond the Harbor Esplanade, where the Italian fishermen crowd together. Their brightly painted craft, diesel-powered now, lend a Mediterranean splash of color. On the hill in the center of town cluster the houses of the Portuguese fisherfolk. Carillon chimes ring out from the squat twin towers of their *Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage*; in a niche above its portals stands an image of the Virgin cradling a ship in her arms.

All the way around the crescent of the *Inner Harbor* (where the Gorton Pew Company will let you see a modern fish-packing plant in action) and along the peninsula of *Rocky Neck*, are sail lofts, nested dories, nets drying, vessels discharging their slithery haul; you'll hear the shriek of blocks and the squeak of tholepins. And you may trip over an artist anywhere — even at exclusive *Eastern Point* or on the theoretically private boulders of *Bass Rocks*, for there's scarcely an American painter who has not at some time set up his easel in Gloucester.

ROCKPORT, at the end of Cape Ann, is the ideal of what an old New England seaport should be. There's a whole chain of fishing villages — groups of cottages clinging to windswept granite. Then the town proper — streets of neat white houses, an ancient cemetery in the shadow of the meeting house, salt-bitten fish houses along the tiny harbor, and from every rise of ground views of the Atlantic. Rockport is land's end, surrounded by water on three sides. Artists frequent the place, share *Bearskin Neck* with the lobstermen, put one bit of the harborside on canvas so often that in art circles it is facetiously known as 'Motif No. 1.'

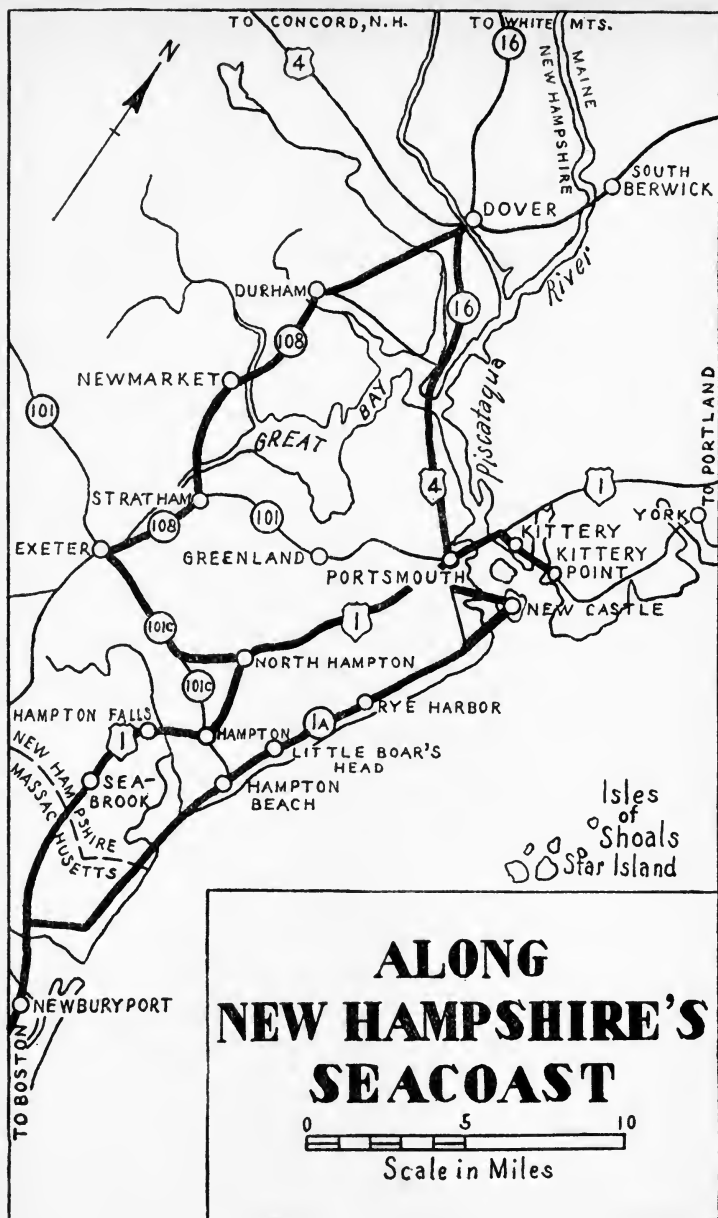
The coves along the northern shore of the Cape were once fishing ports and later centers for shipping Rockport granite. The industry is almost dead now, and abandoned quarry pools and rusting derricks are everywhere. From the Lanesville shore and the quiet summer resort of ANNISQUAM you can look across Ipswich Bay to the *Sand Dunes* of the West Gloucester and Ipswich beaches.

Inland from Annisquam is the deserted village of *Dogtown*, a moorland of fantastically tumbled boulders, and among them more than forty cellar holes. A prosperous settlement in 1650, it gradually fell upon lean days and became the abode of hags and witches, outcasts, and unsavory characters. There are legends of *Dogtown*, sinister tales that suit their wild and lonely setting.

Completing the circuit around the Cape, you inevitably return to the Harbor and the one road to the mainland. Just past Blynman Bridge, Mass. 121 branches to the right, offering you an alternate route toward your reunion with 1A. WEST GLOUCESTER has been comparatively little developed as a summer resort, although there are cottages and

camp along its tidal rivers, and the dunes of *Wingaersheek Beach*, at the mouth of the Annisquam, are increasingly crowded on Sundays. In ESSEX, the causeway is lined with restaurants and the odor of field clams is heavy on the air. The *Shipyards*, established in 1668, still turn out sound craft. Entering IPSWICH, you will connect with Mass. 1A before you reach the town proper. Continuing north, you come upon the *South Green*, a long, tree-shaded plot overlooked by old white dwellings and graceful *South Church*. Argilla Rd. departs from the green to *Ipswich Beach*, an unspoiled stretch of dunes and level sand. Neighboring the South Church are the *Whipple House* (c. 1640), one of the finest examples extant of 17th-century construction, and the *John Heard House*, built by the father of that Augustine Heard who plied the China trade and, to the gaping admiration of seafarers, took his vessel over a bar on her beam ends.

Through the towns of ROWLEY and OLD NEWBURY, the road enters NEWBURYPORT, whose 'ships all in motion once whitened the ocean,' and whose *High Street* houses are a staunch monument to the shipwrights who built them for captains and merchant-owners. The cornice of the *Cushing House* (1808) has exceptional merit; the *Pettingell-Fowler House* (1792) exhibits an historical and marine collection; in the ornate *Jackson-Dexter House* (1771) lived 'Lord' Timothy Dexter, famous for his eccentricities. At the end of the mall is the grim *Old County Jail* (1744). High St. (Mass. 1A) connects in the center of town with 'the Turnpike' (US 1), which runs to Boston straight as the crow flies.



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# A L O N G   N E W   H A M P S H I R E ' S S E A C O A S T

*Silvery Beaches and Storied Towns*

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US 1, N.H. 1A; Portsmouth, 20 m. from Newburyport, Mass.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S eighteen miles of shoreline are a tiny keystone wedged into the arch of the North Atlantic Coast. You can drive from the Massachusetts line to the mouth of the tideswept Piscataqua in a half hour over the Lafayette Road (US 1) through the marshes. It's longer by way of the Ocean Boulevard (N.H. 1A), skirting the sea, for you will stop many times to watch the waves dashing in from the Isles of Shoals and the surf curling over the rocks of Rye.

Wherever you go — along the shore, around Great Bay, up the Piscataqua River, or among the tidewater streams — you can't get away from the sea, for the whole region is as filled with the murmur of the waves as the conch you held to your ear when a child. A salty tang mingles with the scent of the apple blossoms in the great orchards of Hampton Falls. Sea fogs roll over the hills and veil the tree canopies of Exeter.

The city of PORTSMOUTH grew up from the sea. The Georgian houses lining the narrow streets were built by prosperous merchants and shipowners, but the warehouses are deserted now and the ship stocks are rotting. Over yonder at the river's mouth men are building submarines instead of Yankee clippers.

Walk along Portsmouth's waterfront, once known as Strawberry Bank. It's little changed since the days of the West India trade. The crooked streets around Puddle Dock follow the paths of the sea-captains. The doorways on many of the houses were carved by ship carpenters.

Some of the 18th-century mansions, like the *Wentworth-Gardner House* (1760) on Mechanic St., and the *Moffat-Ladd House* (1763) on Market St., with its four chimneys and terraced gardens, are open to the public. So are the *John Paul Jones House* (1758), corner of Middle and State Sts., headquarters of the Portsmouth Historical Society, and the *Warner House* (1718), the oldest brick house in the city. Descendants of the original owners live in the stately *Peirce Mansion* on Haymarket Square and in the *Governor John Langdon House*, Pleasant St., one of the most

beautiful hip-roofed houses in New England. The doors of these and other mansions, filled with treasures from London, Paris, and the Orient, are closed, but you might be lucky and pull into Portsmouth on the day in August when old houses are open to visitors, entrance fees being turned over to charitable organizations.

Signs everywhere direct you to points of interest. Ivy-covered *Saint John's Church* overlooking the river; the *Athenaeum* in Market Square, noted for its fine collection of ships' models; the *City Library*, built in the Bulfinch tradition. Open in the summer is the old *Nutter House* on Court St., home of a sea-captain where Thomas Bailey Aldrich's 'Bad Boy' played his tricks. You can see the very kitchen window through which the pony lapped up Miss Abby's custard pies!

The *Portsmouth Navy Yard*? Take US 1 across the Piscataqua, and you'll be in Maine. The Yard is actually on that side of the line, located on an island in the sheltered waters of the upper harbor. It's a submarine base of the eastern Atlantic coast, but it has its tradition of peace, too, for here in 1905 the treaty ending the Russo-Japanese War was signed, with Theodore Roosevelt acting as intermediary. The Navy Yard keeps open house on his birthday, October 27. To reach the Yard you pass through KITTERY, one of Maine's oldest towns. Include a visit to KITTERY POINT, where there are two distinguished early houses, the *Lady Pepperell House* and the *Sparhawk House*, and partly ruined *Fort McClary*.

Strangely enough there is three times as much shoreline around Portsmouth as there is on the New Hampshire coast proper. The Piscataqua coils and backtracks, and the shore loops and scallops until there are at least forty miles of land edging Great and Little Harbors. From the *Three Bridges* which connect Portsmouth with Newcastle, you'll see white-sailed pleasure boats darting in and out between the wooded islands or moving to anchorage near the *Portsmouth Yacht Club*. NEWCASTLE is like a transplanted English fishing town. The streets follow the fishermen's footsteps and always end at the water's edge. The salt-box houses are surrounded by bright gardens; many of them are summer homes, gay with awnings and sun parasols. There's a gravestone at the corner of the foundation of the *Meeting House*. At *Fort Constitution* the patriots pulled down the King's colors and captured the powder later used at the Battle of Bunker Hill. *Wentworth-by-the-Sea*, the largest summer hotel in the region, overlooks Little Harbor and Sagamore Creek and the *Benning Wentworth Mansion* across the waters.

If you want more islands, there they are out on the horizon, windswept



and wave-pounded as when Basque fishermen dried cod on the blue trap rock three centuries ago. It's like taking a sea trip to visit the ISLES OF SHOALS, where the roving eye of *White Island Lighthouse* flashes its warning of dangerous reefs and jagged rocks. The steamer from Portsmouth takes you to *Star Island*, owned by the Unitarian and Congregational Church Conferences. You visit the stone chapel. You bask in the sun on the rocks, listening to the rumble of the surf, the cheep of sandpipers, the scream of a sea gull.

For swimming, the long sands of Hampton, State-owned, and the shorter stretches of Rye. The cliffs above Wallis Sands for rock-climbing. Boating in Old Rye Harbor. The fishing's on a par with the best anywhere. For dancing there are swing orchestras all up and down the coast. Piney back roads beyond the marshes and the rose-lined lanes of New-castle make excellent bridle trails. There are the Seacoast Music Festival at Little Boar's Head, and the Farragut Players at Rye. Food? Famous seacoast cooks, and no tomatoes in the clam chowder.

You can roll into the region from Massachusetts over US 1, the direct route from Boston to Portland. As the Lafayette Road, it enters SEABROOK. Passing greenhouses and bright fields of gladioli, it continues through HAMPTON FALLS, home of Meshech Weare, first governor of the State; then it cuts across the marshes 'pranked with purple iris' into HAMPTON VILLAGE. Notice the hedge-encircled *General Moulton House*, a private home, at the corner of Drake Road. People say the general sold his soul to the devil for a bootful of gold and then cut out the toe of the boot! Drive east from the village and see *Meeting-House Green*, the old Ring Swamp of the early settlers. Near-by was the hut of Goody Cole, a witch who was legally exonerated of all guilt at Hampton's Tercentenary Celebration in 1938.

Returning to the main highway, you go to NORTH HAMPTON with its late 17th-century houses, very square and broad, with gigantic central chimney stacks. But if it's apple-blossom time, turn west at Lamie's Tavern and visit the orchards of *Applecrest Farm*, one of the largest apple farms in New England. Beyond it is EXETER, site of *Phillips-Exeter Academy*, that home of 'stew'd cats' made famous by Judge Shute's 'Plupy.' The Reverend John Wheelwright's old town was the first State capital. It is full of mansions, many of them now owned by the Academy. Drive by the *Old Garrison House* (c. 1650) on Water St., and arrange a visit to the *Ladd-Gilman House*, corner of Water St. and Governor's Lane, long associated with one of the State's most influential families.

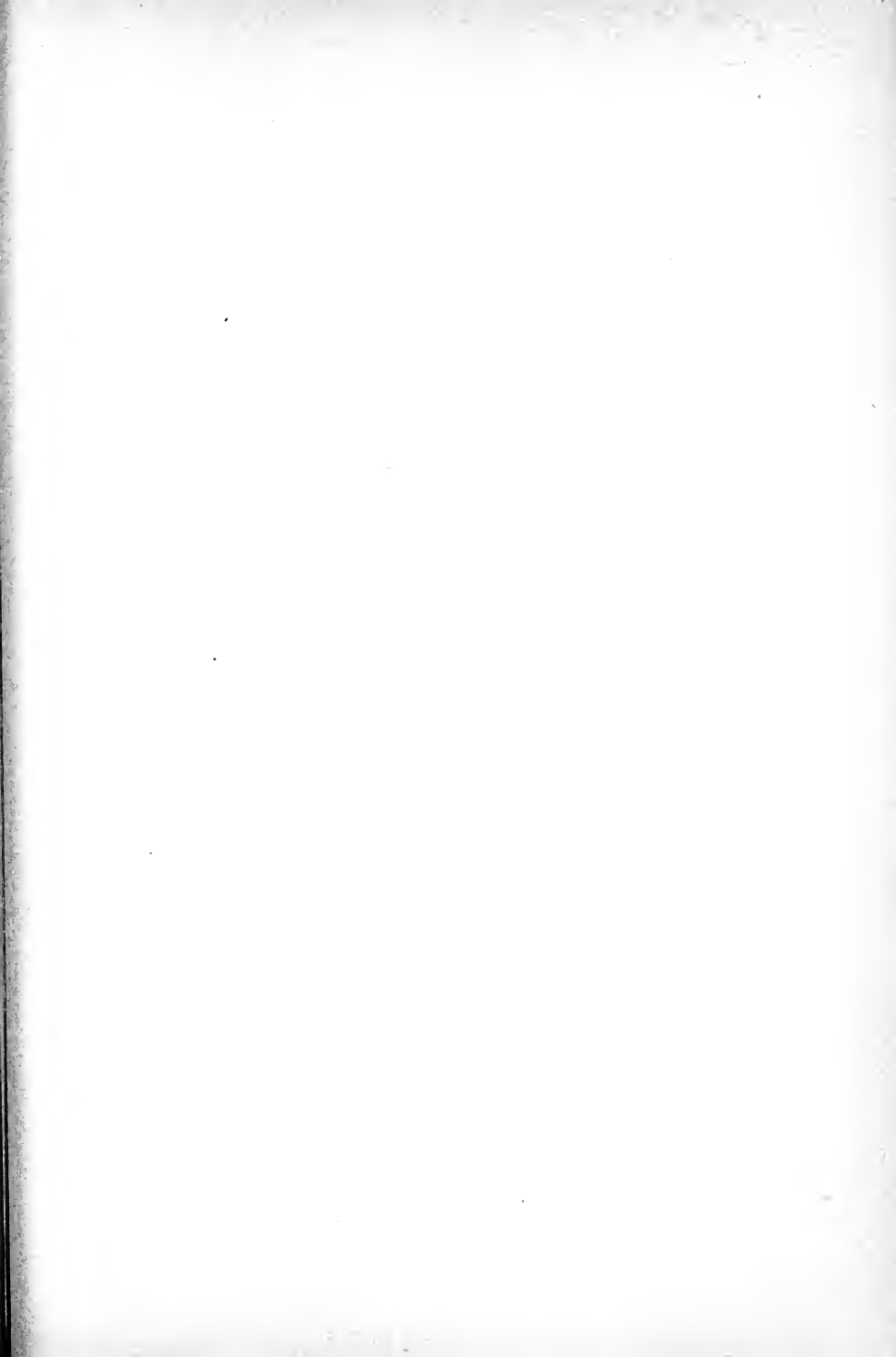
You can continue your journey past tilled hillsides sloping toward the

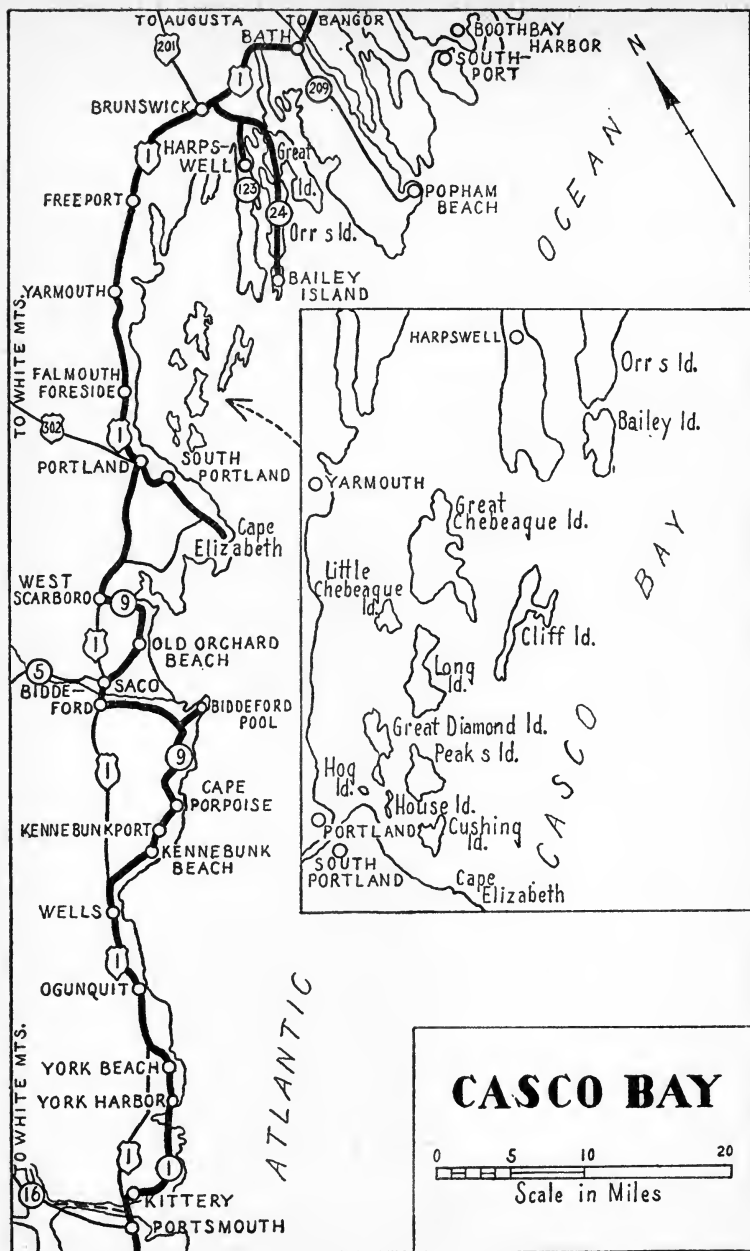
meadows of *Great Bay*. The highway (N.H. 108) which crosses the *Lottery Bridge* is a link between Exeter and DURHAM on the Oyster River, where blood-curdling whoops of Indians often rent the air in colonial days. Now the warwhoops have a different timbre when students of the *University of New Hampshire* take possession of the town from September to June.

A highway swings southeast to Portsmouth by way of the new *Alexander Scammel Bridge*. But if you wish to visit Dover, the second New Hampshire town to be settled, go straight beyond Durham on N.H. 108 for five miles. As you enter the city, you'll notice the mills on the Cocheco River, for DOVER is the center of a large industrial area. The *Dam Garrison*, in the grounds of the Woodman Institute, built of logs in 1675, withstood many an Indian attack. Dover is a gateway to all of New Hampshire's playgrounds; trunk highways lead directly from it to the lakes, the mountains, and the sea.

If you follow down the Piscataqua and cross the *Sullivan Toll Bridge* at Dover Point you will come into Portsmouth by way of *Christian Shore*, where on Northwest Ave. is the weathered *Richard Jackson House* (1664), the oldest house in the city. Then you wind through the narrow streets of the business section, and turning at the City Library, skirt Haymarket Square to reach the street leading to N.H. 1A, the Ocean Boulevard.

This highway passes by the road to *Odiorne's Point*, where the first pioneers put up a truck house and engaged in offshore fishing. Five miles out of the city it coils along the high cliffs guarding *Wallis Sands*, Portsmouth's own beach. Then it curves through the marshes around *Rye Harbor*, and on by the fine estates of *Little Boar's Head* to the sands of Hampton Beach. Here the Boulevard is lined with tourist homes, summer cottages, and amusement places maintained by the Village Precinct. Below are the *Hampton Beach State Reservation*, and the new *State Bath-house*. And here, at the mouth of the Hampton River, 'twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,' you leave New Hampshire's sea-coast.





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## C A S C O   B A Y

### *Island-Studded Waters*

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US 1; Portland, 50 *m.* from Portsmouth, N.H.

US 1 is the direct route from Boston to Portland. But if you have time and want to get a feeling for the polished shores of Maine, in contrast with the rugged shores further east, follow Me. 1 from Kittery, through fashionable YORK HARBOR, along *York Beach*, and on to OGUNQUIT, an artists' retreat. Just beyond WELLS you'll detour again on Me. 9 to KENNEBUNK BEACH, the birthplace and home of the author Kenneth Roberts, and to KENNEBUNKPORT, the 'Arundel' of his novel. Margaret Deland and Booth Tarkington spend their summers here. CAPE PORPOISE has long been a favorite with authors and artists, as has BIDDEFORD POOL. Back on US 1 are the twin cities of BIDDEFORD and SACO, separated by the Saco River. Detour from Saco on Me. 9 to the State's longest stretch of sand, 14 miles of it. Known as OLD ORCHARD BEACH, it is a gay resort, with diversions for every taste. Thence on to Portland and Casco Bay.

'Bay of the Calendar Isles' has long been the poet's description of crescent-shaped Casco Bay, stretching from the rocky tip of Cape Elizabeth on the south to snub-nosed Bald Head on the northern Phippsburg peninsula. The island-studded sweep of some 200 square miles is said to have once been the mouth of a great river. But that was ages before Captain John Smith landed here, one of the first 'tourists' to behold the sandy beaches and coves where the Atlantic pounds between jutting points of land.

Standing on one of the headlands, you can gaze seaward over the net-cobwebbed wharves of tiny villages. Fishing smacks ply homeward at dusk through the myriad islands. Walking through the old Yankee shore towns, you mark the white spires against the sky and the elm-lined avenues between rows of stately houses.

The Casco Bay islands lie in three ranges, natural windbreaks for roadways that lead to safe deep-water anchorages. Steamers, ferries, and small motor and sail craft follow the channels that weave in among scattered islands. Although any native of the Bay region will tell you that there are 365 of them, one for every day in the year, by official count

there are actually no more than 222 'big enough for a man to get out and stand on.' But this means forgetting the stray rocks and reefs, shoals, and 'knobs' — so numerous that the eastern end of the bay is considered one of the most difficult sections of the Maine coast to navigate.

Although there are excellent golf courses and miles of bridle paths along the pine-bordered shores, bathing, boating, and fishing are the favorite warm-weather pastimes. Deep-sea fishing, especially for tuna, or 'horse mackerel,' is the exciting sport. The islands, providing almost continuous shelter for small sailing vessels, have long been a gathering place for yachtsmen.

Swinging off US 1 on the mainland, just south of Portland, you'll follow a curving road over *Cape Elizabeth*, on whose broad headland are located many beautiful estates of old Portland families.

Near the residential community of SOUTH PORTLAND is *Fort Preble*, named for Commodore Preble, often called the 'Father of the American Navy.'

The oldest regular United States Army regiment, the United States Fifth Infantry, has been stationed at Fort Williams at CAPE COTTAGE since 1922. Within the fortification is *Portland Head Light*, established in 1791 by order of George Washington.

PORTLAND, Maine's largest city, straddles a narrow neck of land at the head of Casco Bay. Holding the economic and commercial key to a vast territory extending north and east to the Canadian border, the city dominates far more than the Bay region. Of special interest is the collection of Maine flora and fauna in the *Portland Society of Natural History*, 24 Elm St. The *Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception*, 190 Cumberland Ave., is the seat of the bishopric and mother church of the entire Catholic diocese of Maine. More than a score of wharves and the Maine State Pier lie along the *Portland Waterfront*. Literary people will take in the *Wadsworth-Longfellow House*, 487 Congress St., the dignified childhood home of the poet.

Most of Casco Bay's islands may be reached by ferry or small boat from Portland or other towns along the mainland coast. A regular steamer trip from Portland winds through 44 miles of sheltered waters, stopping at nine of the islands. Indian names alternate with good Yankee ones such as 'Junk of Pork,' 'Brown Cow,' and 'Pound of Tea.' On *Hog Island* is formidable-looking *Fort Gorges*, which has not been garrisoned for many years. *House Island*, near-by, also has its abandoned harbor defense, *Fort Scammell*. Rising in the background is the seamed granite shore of *Cushing Island*. *Peak's Island*, farther seaward, is more densely populated

than any other in the bay. Its woodland trails, cultivated fields, and ledged shores are colored with a history dating back to the early ship-building days of Falmouth.

The *Diamonds*, *Little* and *Great*, are connected by a sandbar which is submerged at high tide. On *Great Diamond* is *Fort McKinley*, a sub-post of Portland's harbor defenses.

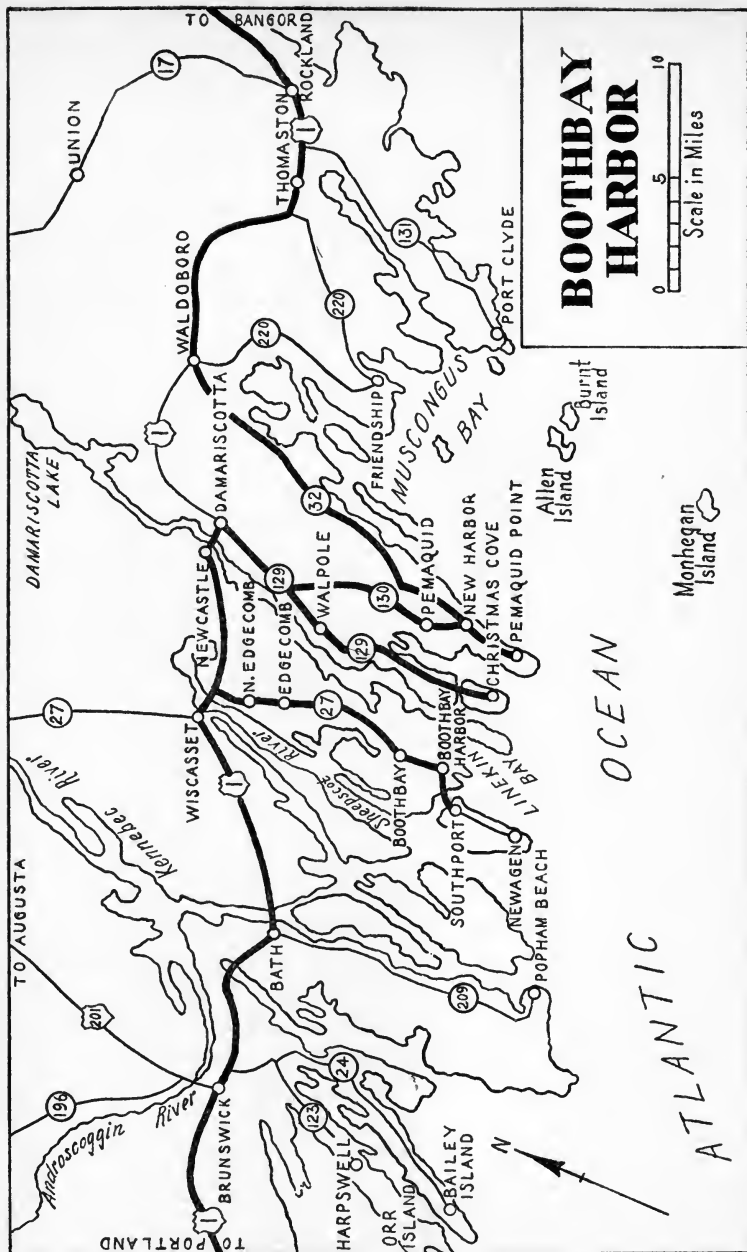
*Long Island* has excellent roads, shady paths, pine groves, and open fields. If you want to seek out wild flowers, delicate ferns and mosses, or gather luscious native berries, both *Little* and *Great Chebeague* will suit your taste. Great Chebeague teems with legends of pirate lore and buried treasure.

On *Cliff Island*, marked by ferocious saw-toothed reefs, is *Keiff's Garden*, reputed burying ground of sailors whose bodies were washed ashore from shipwrecks caused by the false signals of an islander.

FALMOUTH FORESIDE on US 1 has a residential section of many fine estates, a favorite summer resort. YARMOUTH, bordering a deep cove, was once an important shipbuilding center. A few miles beyond, on a side road to the left, lies the *Desert of Maine*, 300 acres of farmland taken over by desert sands, through which the tops of live trees struggle up as bushes. In 1878 FREEPORT witnessed the launching of the 'John A. Briggs,' one of the largest wooden vessels built on the Maine coast. Near-by are the ruins of picturesque *Casco Castle*.

BRUNSWICK is famous as the seat of *Bowdoin College*, which numbers Nathaniel Hawthorne and Admiral Peary among its illustrious graduates. Harriet Beecher Stowe lived in the *Stowe House* on Federal St. while writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

The elongated township of HARPSWELL occupies a peninsula which terminates in several large islands including *Orr's* and *Bailey's*. Mrs. Stowe, you may remember, described this region in her story called 'The Pearl of Orr's Island.' The peninsula at South Harpswell is very narrow, and its summer homes huddle sheep-like on a barren rock. *Great Island*, or Sebascodegan, separated from the mainland by a channel of rushing tides, is the 'Lost Paradise' of Robert P. Tristram Coffin, poet and novelist.





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## BOOTHBAY HARBOR

### *Old Ships and New*

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US 1, Me. 27, 129, 130; Boothbay Harbor, 59 m. from Portland.

TALL masts etched against a mackerel sky. Rotting hulks left high and dry on sand flats. A lone fisherman rowing his net-laden skiff past the sharp prow of a yacht. Green lobsters heaped on wharves whose piles are a brighter green. Great combers breaking over blunted rocks, and quiet coves with stretches of sand washed by gentle tides. This is the Boothbay Harbor region, where the sea and the green fields blend into a background for living.

The area, approximately 15 miles long and 15 miles deep, is interlaced by the waters of three rivers that empty into narrow, irregular bays. Navigable channels cut far inland. Narrow side roads open into neat little settlements at the water's edge.

State-of-Mainers will tell you that pirates, after days of looting and burning in southern waters, sailed north to rest and carouse in the security of these cool down-east harbors. The infamous Dixie Bull, ranking with Captain Kidd as the scourge of Maine waters, kept right on looting, however, probably feeling that there is no rest for the wicked.

You'll find that BATH on US 1, home port of the once famous Sewall 'Steel Fleet,' is still a bustling shipbuilding center. Dominant in Bath's industrial and social life are the *Bath Iron Works*. The *Davenport Memorial Building*, Front St., houses municipal offices, and you'll probably find it worth while to go through the *Davenport Memorial Museum*, both for its ship paintings and for the original half-models from which were built the famous merchantmen and vessels launched from Maine shipyards.

The town of WISCASSET, also on US 1, is said to be the scene of Eugene O'Neill's 'Mourning Becomes Electra.' It's an enchanting place, whose old homes are now occupied largely by artists and writers. You should visit the *Nickels-Sortwell House* (1807-08) at Main and Fort Sts., a massive three-story structure with a one-story entrance portico, Corinthian pilasters, and a long central Palladian window in the second story. The *Abiel Wood House* (1812), at High and Lee Sts., is almost a duplicate of the Nickels-Sortwell House. The *Lincoln County Courthouse* (1824), on the Common, once resounded to the florid oratory of Daniel Webster,

and is the oldest building in which court is still held in Maine. The *Tucker Mansion* (1807), at the east end of High St., is said to be a copy of a castle in Dunbar, Scotland. Patience Tucker Stapleton, daughter of a skipper and author of 'Trailing Yew' and other stories, lived here in her youth.

On the bank of the Sheepscot River in NORTH EDGECOMB (Me. 27), the *Marie Antoinette House* was prepared by Captain Clough for the ill-fated French queen who hoped to escape to America — or so you may believe if you take your local legends unsalted. Less than half a mile off the main road stands the black, square-timbered Block House (1808-1809), known as *Fort Edgcomb*.

The village of BOOTHBAY HARBOR is the heart of this coastal area. A year-round village of leisurely living, it gives over its streets to 'summer people' in the warmer days. Artists set up their easels before some choice composition. During the vacation season the harbor is astir with small sailboats and outboard motorboats slipping between mahogany and brass-trimmed yachts at anchor. Down-east coasting schooners, prematurely mourned by lovers of the sea, are once again sailing into this port. The *Commonwealth Art Colony* just north from Spruce Point is near an old *Indian Trail*. Close to the Harbor is the little *Boothbay Playhouse*.

On McKown's Point, west of the village, is the *United States Fish Hatchery and Aquarium*. Further out, green *Southport Island*, a popular summer center, especially at WEST SOUTHPORT on the Sheepscot side, seems a part of the mainland, while *Mouse*, *Capital*, *Squirrel*, and *Damariscove* Islands string out toward the open sea.

On the western shore of Linnekin Bay, in EAST BOOTHBAY, stand shipyards with a country-wide reputation for pleasure and work boats. Here, its wheel still turning, is the old *Hodgdon Tide Mill*, which after more than a century of service is used for sawing lumber.

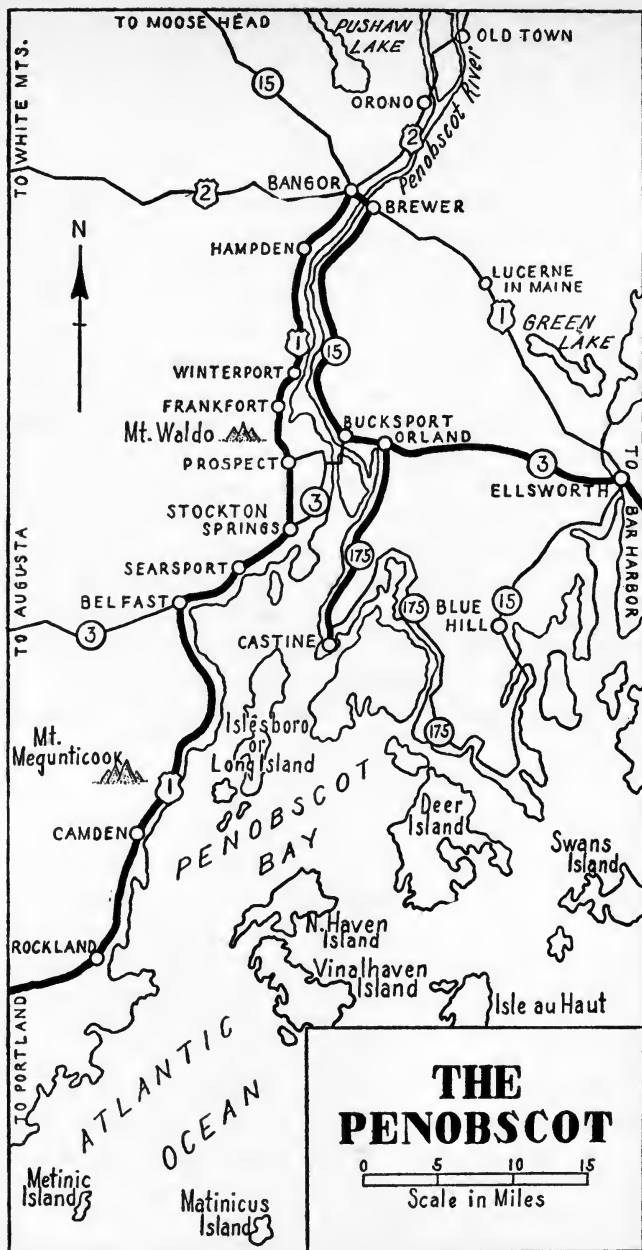
At DAMARISCOTTA (US 1) are Indian middens, *Heaps of Oyster and Clam Shells* which form a cliff six to twenty-five feet above high-water line. *Christmas Cove*, on Me. 129, was given that name by Captain John Smith when he landed here on Christmas Day, 1614. He called it an 'excellent good Harbor,' and no visitor today questions his judgment.

NEW HARBOR (Me. 130), on the Pemaquid Peninsula, is a compact fishing and summer-resort settlement. Along the wharves are upturned dories, lobster pots, drying nets, fish stages, and sundry appurtenances. New Harbor possesses added distinction as the home of Samoset, the 'good' Indian who in March, 1621, startled the Pilgrims at Plymouth by appearing among them with the greeting, 'Much welcome, Englishmen.'

The sachem had learned the language from Englishmen engaged in fishing off Monhegan. At PEMAQUID BEACH, a fishing and trading settlement was established as early as 1600. Ghosts, they say, haunt the 200-year-old cellars and sunken paved streets around the reproduction of the *Tower of Fort William Henry*. The Fort, built in 1692, stood on the site of Shurt's Fort (1630) and Fort Charles (1677). As Fort William Henry, it was destroyed in 1696, and was succeeded in 1729 by Fort Frederick, which in turn was destroyed by local residents during the Revolution. The great rocky foundation of Fort William Henry remains to this day.

From *Pemaquid Point*, where the surf grows almost continuously and circling gulls fill the air with their lonesome cries, you may see the dark loaf of *Monhegan Island*, nine miles at sea, which natives claim was a stopping place for adventuresome Norsemen. Fish first attracted settlers to this isolated spot, and fishing is still the main occupation of the little village, although lobsters are the chief 'take.' Artists, led by Rockwell Kent, have for years come to spend their summers depicting the wildness of rock and sea. High on the center of the island, *Monhegan Island Light* sends its beam across these treacherous waters.

For your return to US 1 from New Harbor, by all means drive over a few miles of unpaved road along the shores of *Muscongus Bay*; then pick up Me. 32, which joins US 1 near WALDOBORO, a fishing community and popular summer center.



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## THE PENOBSCOT

### *Salmon Runs and River Towns*

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US 1, Me. 15, 175; Bangor, 108 *m.* from Boothbay Harbor, 78 *m.* from Waldoboro, 144 *m.* from Portland.

COILING its silvery length toward the sea, the Penobscot, greatest of Maine rivers, rolls placidly through an area steeped in tradition. The steamers that plied a route between the river towns and Boston have gone the way of the schooners and sloops and full-rigged ships which weighed anchor in Bangor Harbor. They have vanished with the fifty sawmills that once lined the river 12 miles north to Old Town. Only the great pulp mills still bring a few ships to waters that in the mid-19th century teemed with vessels from ports of the seven seas.

Many brooks and streams, alive with trout, pour into the broad river. At Bangor you'll find the only place in the country where within a city's limits sea salmon may be caught as they fight the rapids on their way upstream to spawning grounds farther north.

Around Bangor rolls rich farmland. There are country stores with barrels and jars, and pot-bellied stoves for winter days. The near-by Grange Hall is the scene of country suppers, fragrant with the smell of steaming beans, juicy roasts, and flaky pies.

Should you come up from Rockland by US 1 along the shores of Penobscot Bay, you'll pass through the town of CAMDEN, an artists' haven and summer resort. Sprawling on the western shore where the river empties into Penobscot Bay is BELFAST, its houses rising in tiers above a busy harbor. The sea is within view from nearly every street. The old *Blaisdell House*, on High St., has a fine Ionic-columned portico; the dentiled cornice of the *Ben Field House*, also on High St., has long been praised by architects. Visible in Penobscot Bay is *Isleboro*, a long, low, tree-clad island that has become a favorite resort center.

Near SEARSPORT is *Stephenson Tavern*, with a well-sweep in its front yard and a sign so weathered that its lettering stands out a quarter of an inch. Lincoln Colcord, writer of sea stories, made his home in Searsport. Here is located the *Penobscot Marine Museum*.

STOCKTON SPRINGS, once home port of many ships, now has several fish canneries. By traveling over a side road from PROSPECT you

reach the gray ramparts of *Fort Knox*, a massive granite structure commanding the Penobscot River. A short distance away is the *Waldo-Hancock Bridge* which spans the river to Bucksport.

At the head of navigation 23 miles inland from the bay lies BANGOR, the capital of a vanished lumber kingdom. Lumber barons, whose fortunes came from the great pine logs floated downriver to Bangor booms, built mansions that crown the city's low hills; but 'Hell's Half Acre,' where strapping lumberjacks and river drivers caroused and fought, is now given over to many second-hand stores and wholesale houses. The *Peirce Memorial*, on Harlow St., a bronze by Charles Tefft, represents three brawny river drivers, equipped with peavies and canthooks, breaking a log jam. The *Samuel Veazie House*, Broadway and York Sts., is typical of the lumber barons' homes. The design of the *Boutelle House*, 157 Broadway, is attributed to Charles Bulfinch. Near *Grotto Cascade Park*, State St. and Summit Ave., is the famous *Bangor Salmon Pool*, known the world over for its excellent fishing and for the custom of presenting the season's first salmon to the President of the United States.

Come down the river by Me. 15 on the east side. BUCKSPORT is a paper town producing hundreds of tons of newsprint a day. The *Jed Prouty Tavern*, Main and Federal Sts., was once a famous stop-over place on the stage route between Bangor and Castine.

To look at CASTINE today, a quiet resort on a peninsula jutting out into the Bay, you would never think that a trio of nations struggled 200 years for its possession. More than 100 markers at various points indicate the residents' pride in their eventful background. The *Wilson Museum*, Perkins St., contains anthropological and geological collections. *Fort Madison* and *Fort George* are relics of the repeated military occupations of this historic old town.

Lying in *Penobscot Bay*, and reached by steamer from Rockland, are the islands of NORTH HAVEN, a fashionable area with a number of fine summer estates; VINALHAVEN, from whose granite quarries came the 50-foot monoliths of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City; and hour-glass-shaped DEER ISLE, about 12 miles in length. Deer Isle boatmen have manned yachts in international races. The waters of ISLE AU HAUT, administrative headquarters of a township of the same name, have been the scene of many shipwrecks.







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## B A R   H A R B O R

*Luxury by the Sea*

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US 1, Me. 3, 102; Bar Harbor, 47 m. from Bangor.

'L'ISLE DES MONTS DÉSERTS' was the name Samuel Champlain bestowed in 1604 upon this rocky, wooded expanse of eighteen mountains and twenty-six lakes.

Long the summer capital of Society, Bar Harbor, with its adjoining resorts, has all the accoutrements of great wealth. Rambling houses are set amid acres of landscaped grounds. Motor yachts, with pennants flying, lie at anchor in the hill-guarded harbors, while out in the open water tall-masted sailing craft tack before brisk winds. Cabañas and beach clubs are gay with sophisticated throngs. Polo is played on close-cropped turf, and tennis against a background of mountains and lakes.

The 15,000 acres of *Acadia National Park* encompass lakes and mountains, seascapes and deep valleys, and cross broad Frenchman's Bay to include *Schoodic Point*. So skillfully engineered is the *Summit Road* in its climb from the valley to the windswept plateau that the grade is hardly noticeable. From the summit of *Cadillac Mountain* there is a magnificent view of lakes, serrated shore, and the islands below. In a deeply wooded section of the park is the *Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory* for cancer research. Among the archeological exhibits of the *Abbe Museum* you will find relics of the mysterious Red Paint People who roamed this section long before the Indians.

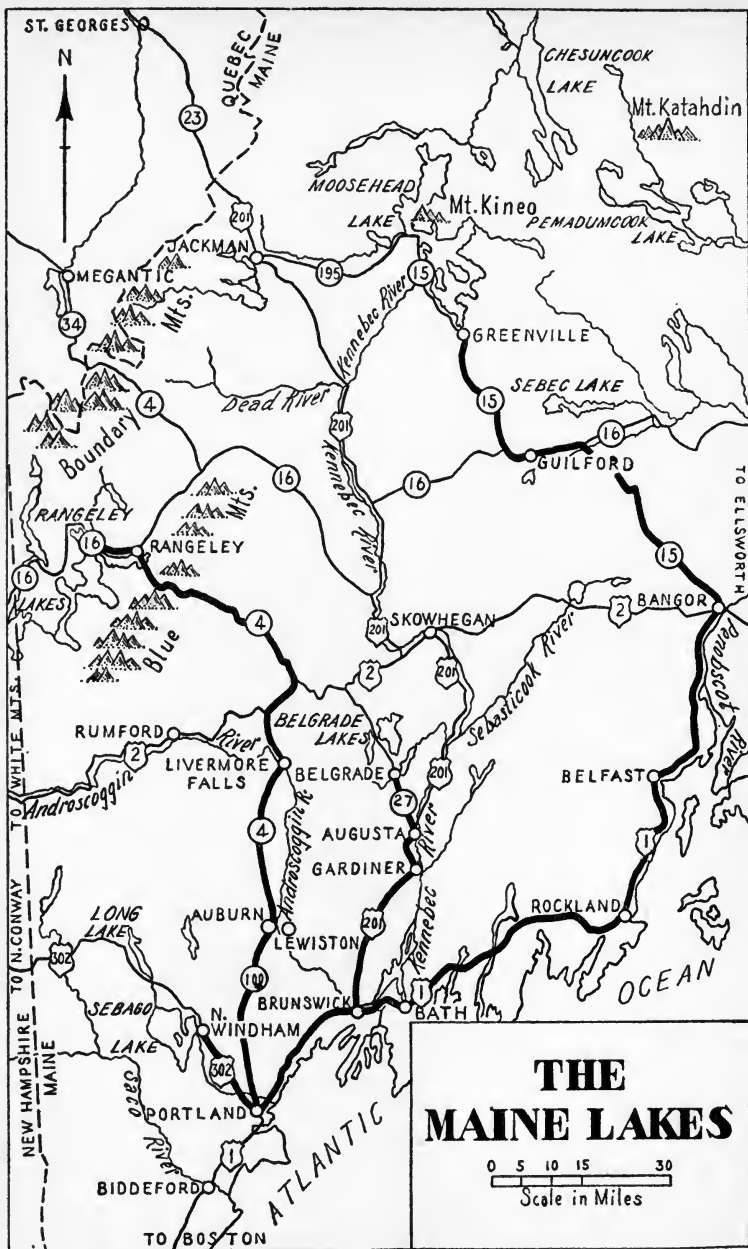
You may gather the impression that Bar Harbor covers all of Mount Desert Island. Actually there are four townships, though BAR HARBOR, on the north, overshadows the rest. Squadrons of yachts and pleasure craft are moored beside grim battleships. Uniformed men come ashore on leave, and at costly evening parties many of the season's most publicized debutantes are launched. The social center is the *Bar Harbor Club*, on the Harbor, which was established by six of the leading hotels. In the *Casino*, on Cottage St., the Mount Desert Players present Greek, Shakespearean, and modern drama. The *Building of Arts*, outside the village, with massive columns and friezes depicting the Muses, has a terraced amphitheater where recitals by well-known musicians are given during the summer season.

Along the western shoreline of *Somes Sound* lies SOUTHWEST HARBOR, principal community in the township of the same name. Southwest was the first summer resort on Mount Desert Island, and much of its original charm has been retained. Many of the homes of the farmer-fishermen who live here all the year were built facing the sea. The town may lack the glamour of Bar Harbor, but this only brings into greater relief its quaintness and serenity. Ask a townsman to take you to *Ship Harbor*, where you will learn of the wrecking in 1740 of the schooner 'Grand Design,' with its cargo of passengers from northern Ireland.

TREMONT, a township occupying the southern end of the island, borders *Bluehill Bay*, across which you can see the *Bluehill Peninsula*, locale of Mary Ellen Chase's novel, 'Mary Peters.' Strung along Tremont's irregular shoreline are several small fishing communities where lobster pots are piled high and every home boasts a fishing boat or working dory. In the northern part of the township is *Seal Cove Pond*, an odd-shaped body of clear water which reflects the pine-clad heights of *Western* and *Bernard Mountains*.

Occupying the central and mountainous section of the Island is Mount Desert Township, whose several resort centers are almost as well known as Bar Harbor. Perched high on a mountainside, overlooking SEAL HARBOR, is *The Eyrie*, summer home of the John D. Rockefeller, Jr., family. In ASTICOU is *Thuya Lodge*, which houses a small museum and a reading room with many books of interest to the naturalist. From the lodge there is a broad view of the inlets of the shore and the *Cranberry Isles*. NORTHEAST HARBOR is known the length and breadth of the Atlantic for its fleet of yachts of every class. Visit the *Neighborhood House*, built with the aid of summer residents, and maintained through the proceeds of an annual vaudeville performance, dancing, theatricals, and other amusements; or gather with the summer residents and villagers for their famous 'Sunday Evening Club,' singing old hymns, listening to some guest speaker, and enjoying good music.





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# THE MAINE LAKES AND WOODS

## *Fishing and Hunting*

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Me. 15 for *Moosehead Lake*; Greenville, 75 m. from Bangor. Me. 100 and 27 for *Belgrade Lakes*; Belgrade Lakes, 84 m. from Portland. US 302 for *Sebago Lake*. North Windham, 17 m. from Portland. Me. 3 and 4 for *Rangeley Lakes*; Rangeley Lakes, 125 m. from Portland.

EAST and north along the Canadian border from New Hampshire stretches Maine's great expanse of lake-spattered forest. The Rangeley Region, famed for its well-stocked waters and abundant game; Sebago, since time began the home of the land-locked *salmo sebago*, gamiest of fighting fish; the Belgrades, with their fine cottages and summer hotels; and Moosehead — second largest of northeastern fresh-water lakes.

Maine's fishing is as varied as its lakes. Big, husky Atlantic, chinook and landlocked salmon; brown, rainbow, lake or brook trout; small-mouthed bass and white and yellow perch; cusk, and a dozen other species. Fly fishing is popular, especially in the quicker waters during the early season. Deep-water trolling yields better results in the warmer summer months. Winter fishing is sport too, for 'frost fishing,' as ice fishing is called in Maine, is popular on inland and tidal waters. Salmon, trout, pickerel, smelts, and cusk are chief among the winter varieties.

For the equipment you'll need, it's best to consult a registered guide. You can get a 3-day non-resident fishing license for \$1.65, a 30-day license for \$3.15, or a season license for \$5.15. Then, with a good rod and reel, your favorite flies and lure, an ample creel, you may fish to the limit of the law. Try *Mooselookmeguntic* or the *Richardsons* of the Rangeley Lakes for trout — for the Rangeleys are the natural home of the fighting trout. Slightly northeast is the *Dead River Region*, known for its ice-cold waters fed by mountain springs, where even on sultry days trout will give an honest fight.

In *Sebago* and near-by *Long Pond* you'll find landlocked salmon. Propagating in great numbers and growing rapidly, these splendid fighters rise best in September and the early months of the year. Hard hitters at fly or bait, *salmo sebago* give a stiff battle until landed.

The *Belgrades* strike a happy medium — good fishing without the

discomforts of the wilderness. For bass, cast a line into *Great Pond*, *Long Pond*, or any of a dozen near-by bodies of water. Only recently has generous stocking made these lakes excellent grounds for trout and salmon. The sport is good here from the time the ice goes out until well into the summer.

The *Moosehead Region* is Maine's chief sporting center, the gateway to a vast area of almost unbroken wild land extending to the Canadian border. To this day many of the waters have not yet been explored by fishermen. Salmon, togue, and square-tailed trout are awaiting your lure in *Kokadjo*, *Jo Mary*, *Lobster*, and a hundred other lakes beside the broad waters of *Moosehead* itself. Northeast lies the *Allagash Region*, where ten ponds on the headwaters of *Nigger Brook*, which flows into the Allagash, provide the best location for squaretails in Maine. Togue will bite well into August in *Musquash Lake*, and trout fishing is good throughout most of the season on the smaller tributaries of the Allagash.

The *Fish River Region*, covering nearly 100 square miles, offers perhaps the best salmon fishing in the State. Salmon weighing 18 pounds have been taken from these waters. If you like bass, you'll enjoy *Palfrey*, *Spednic*, and *Seboeis Lakes*.

More than 75 per cent of Maine's total area is forest, and much of it is wild land. Moose, monarch of the woods, have become so plentiful in some counties that occasionally an open season of a few days is declared. Wardens estimate the deer population of Maine as between 100,000 and 125,000. Commonly found near cleared land, tote roads, and abandoned lumber camps, deer are best hunted soon after a light fall of snow when the snapping twigs are muffled. Perhaps you'd rather shoot bear than deer — for it takes a skilled hunter to stalk and bring down these crafty beasts. All counties have an open season on them.

Small-game hunting is popular in Maine. Bobcats — with a bounty on them — are plentiful, and the number of foxes is increasing. Raccoons are hunted in nearly every county; Maine 'coons often weigh 30 pounds in contrast to their southern cousins, which are considered large if they reach 20. Do you delight in the sorrowful tones of a rabbit hound on the chase? Maine rabbits keep to the surface and do not 'hole in' like the smaller species found in other states.

If duck shooting is your choice, go to *Merrymeeting Bay*, considered one of the best grounds along the Atlantic Coast. Here the Kennebec and Androscoggin meet, and the ducks drop down from the blue in great flocks. Woodcock, as you know, are a test for any bird dog. Flush the blackberry tangles in the central part of the State for native wood-

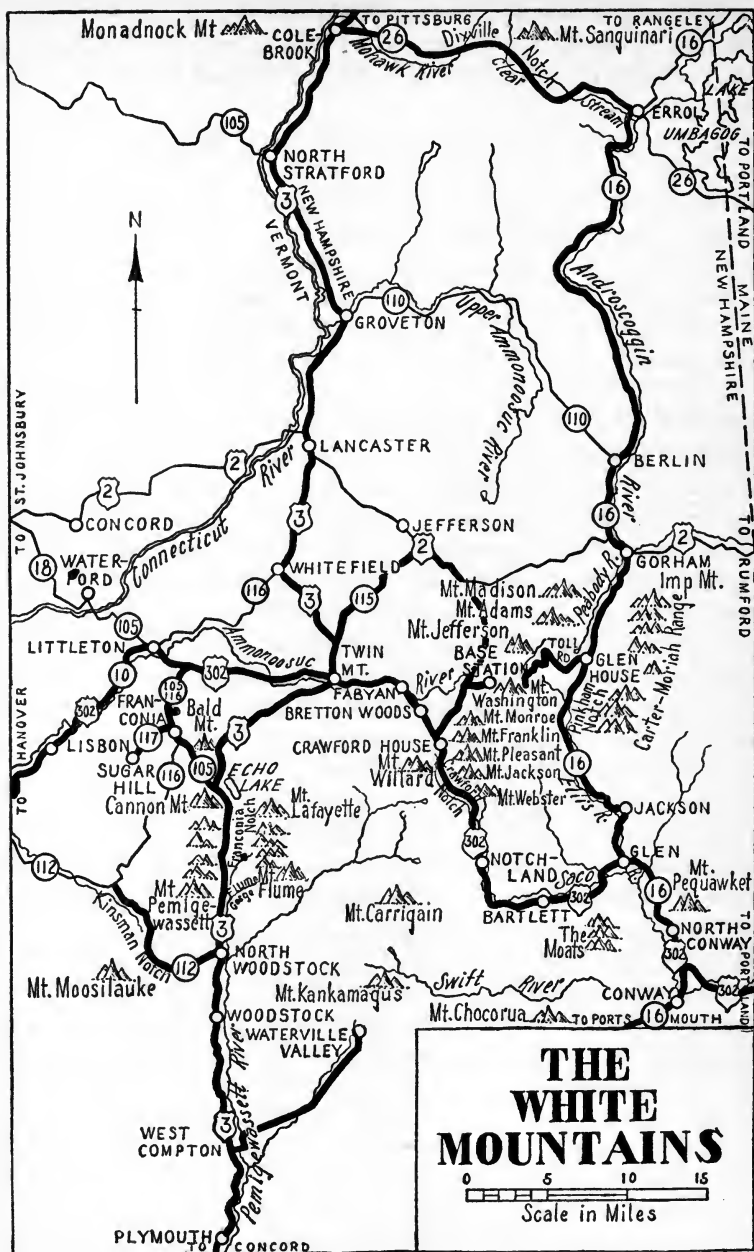
cock. Not long ago there were grouse covers near every Maine city; today, protected by law, partridge shooting becomes better as you progress north.

One of the gathering places for sportsmen of the Sebago Region is WHITE'S BRIDGE, in North Windham, 18 miles northwest of Portland on US 302. Here, on a pointed cove of *Sebago Lake*, are several sporting camps and the mooring places for many lake cruisers and motorboats. Visible in the lake is *Raymond Cape*, where *Frye's Leap*, a high cliff, is marked by colorful paintings said to have been made by Indians. Nearby is *Pulpit Rock*, beneath which is a cave where Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the first chapters of 'The Scarlet Letter.'

BELGRADE LAKES, a lake resort settlement in the midst of the Belgrade Lakes Region, is 84 miles north of Portland on Me. 100 and 27.

GREENVILLE, on Me. 15 some seventy miles from Bangor, nestling at the foot of Moosehead Lake, is the sporting center for the southern antler of the Moosehead region. Fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, and canoeing are the sports featured by this settlement, which forms a starting point and supply base. In *Moosehead Lake* lie the 2200 wooded acres of *Deer Isle* and the sprawling expanse of *Sugar Island*. Rising above the waters of the lake, on the eastern shore, is *Mt. Kineo*, with its abrupt and flinty peak. Toward the northeast looms *Mt. Katahdin*, about whose slopes winds one end of the *Appalachian Trail*. Of the view over the lake-strewn forestland from the summit of Katahdin, Thoreau wrote: 'The surrounding world looked as if a huge mirror had been shattered, and glittering bits thrown on the grass.'

RANGELEY LAKES, 120 miles from Portland on Me. 3 and 4, within sight of *Rangeley Lake*, lies in the heart of a forest region that has, within a radius of 10 miles, forty trout and salmon-filled lakes and ponds. In the distance are the peaks of *Mt. Pisgah* and *Mt. Sisk*. At the northwestern end of Rangeley Lake is OQUOSSOC, where there is a *fish hatchery* for breeding trout and salmon, which are released annually to replenish the Rangeley Lakes. Further along is HAINES LANDING, which has steamboat service with other settlements on *Mooselookmeguntic Lake*.







NICKELS-SORTWELL HOUSE, WISCASSET, MAINE  
*See page 59*



CRESCENT BEACH, MOUNT DESERT ISLAND

*See page 67*

BAR HARBOR AND FRENCHMAN'S BAY, FROM CADILLAC MOUNTAIN

*See page 67*





MORNING PADDLE ON MOOSEHEAD, MOUNT KINEO IN THE BACKGROUND  
*See page 73*

CAMP SITE NEAR MOUNT KATAHDIN  
*See page 73*





KING'S RAVINE FROM MOUNT ADAMS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PRESIDENTIAL RANGE  
*See page 75*



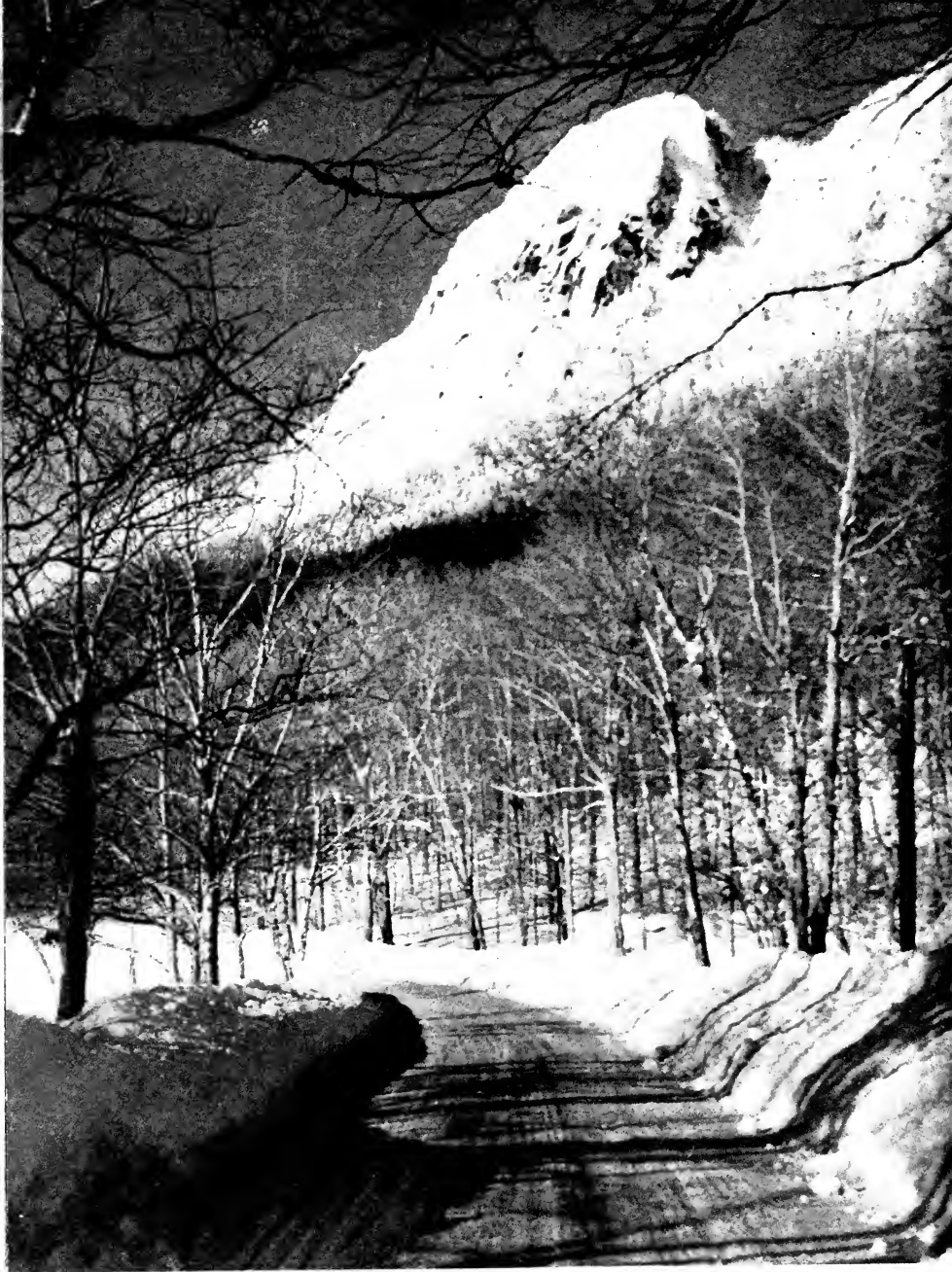
THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, FRANCONIA NOTCH

*See page 76*

CLOSE-UP OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

*See page 76*





PLOWED HIGHWAYS  
*See page 75*





TUCKERMAN RAVINE ON MOUNT WASHINGTON  
*See page 76*

ON WILDCAT SKI TRAIL  
*See page 76*





MOUNT CHOCORUA  
*See page 78*





CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NEAR NORTHAMPTON  
*See page 90*



FRENCH WALLPAPER, WALPOLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
*See page 95*

PERGOLA OF LITTLE STUDIO, CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
*See page 95*





SMUGGLER'S NOTCH, MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT

*See page 102*

TOLL BRIDGE BETWEEN CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND WINDSOR, VERMONT

*See page 95*





CAMEL'S HUMP (LION COUCHANT), FROM BOLTON GORGE  
*See page 102*



GRANITE QUARRY  
*See page 103*



BURKE HOLLOW  
*See page 107*



THE OLD STONE SHOP, WALLINGFORD, VERMONT  
*See page 111*





'CONNECTICUT VALLEY' DOORWAY, MISSION HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS  
*See page 114*



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# THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

## *A Coil of Shining Peaks*

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US 2, 302, N.H. 16, US 3; Gorham, N.H., 140 *m.* from Rangeley.

CONSIDERABLE territory was ruffled up to raise the White Mountains over a mile above the sea. The mountain coils, castellated ridges, deep notches, and jagged peaks north of the lake country cover a total area of about 1275 square miles. Some of the earthfolds and rockwaves stretch over the Maine State line, but most of them are in New Hampshire.

To the north, out of a rock wall 13 miles long, rising from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea, is Mt. Washington, a 'mountain sitting on mountains' — highest peak in all New England. North of Mt. Washington the peaks of Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison scallop the skyline in one great ridge. To the southwest are Monroe, Franklin, Pleasant, Jackson, and Webster.

The summit of Mt. Washington may be reached by numerous approaches: trails for ambitious foot-climbers; a toll road for motorists; and a cogwheel railway for those who prefer a leisurely method of reaching the summit. Once there, it's up to you how long you'll stay. Many visitors remain overnight at the Summit House, on a chance of seeing a sunset or a glorious sunrise. Some stay a week and a few have remained all summer.

The view from the summit includes Owl's Head in Vermont and, over across the Green Mountains, the distant Adirondacks. Down near the Massachusetts line is Mt. Monadnock. To the southeast, on a clear day, you'll see the Atlantic Ocean, but much closer are the countless lakes and ponds of Maine and New Hampshire. 'The second greatest show on earth!' cried the world's greatest showman, P. T. Barnum, as he gazed about him from the mountain top.

Not so long ago, the gateways to the mountains were closed in winter. Now they are flung wide open and great rotary plows keep the highways free from drifts. Miles of ski trails cover the slopes — the Eastern Slopes in the Conway district, for example, with its neighborhood ski club, its ski school directed by the famous Hannes Schneider, and its ski-mobile. Then there's the State-owned Aerial Passenger Tramway in the Franconia Notch, which, since its opening in 1938, has carried 150,000 people to the

top of Cannon Mountain. It connects with ski trails above the snow line, including the famous 'Richard Taft.' Berlin has the new 65-meter ski jump, built by the National Youth Administration and sponsored by the city and the Nansen Ski Club, first ski club organized in the United States. And there's Tuckerman Ravine, the huge snow bowl on the side of Mount Washington, which to some people means 'New Hampshire,' for here in the spring months every winter sportsman in New England tries the late skiing over the headwall.

There are winter carnivals galore. Wonalancet offers instruction in sledge-dog driving. In fact, there's something for everybody during every month of the year. Visit the sugar camps in March or take an autumn tour when the maples are in their glory. You can fish for speckled trout and hunt the white-tailed deer in season, and there are fine hunting and fishing camps and guides on the north country lakes. Naturalists will seek out the Nature Garden and Nature School at Lost River; the Alpine flora and Alpine butterflies on Mt. Washington; the birds in the larches of the Easton Valley. Playgoers will take in the Barnstormers at Tamworth, the Forty-Niners at Whitefield. White Lake in Tamworth and Moose Brook Park in Gorham are favorite spots for swimming. And over 300 miles of Appalachian Mountain Club trails, with huts and shelters along them, make mountain climbing a pleasure in the White Mountain region.

The largest area of public lands in the east is the White Mountain National Forest of 708,374 acres, maintained for timber production, conservation of wild life, and watershed protection. But there are also roadside camps like the Rocky Gorge on the Swift River Road in Conway, and Greeley Forest Camp at Greeley Pond among the primeval spruces near Mt. Kancamagus. In the wild, deep Crawford Notch surrounded by steep mountains stand the *Wiley Camps* on the site of the little tavern where members of the Wiley family perished in a great slide in the summer of 1826. From their tragedy, Nathaniel Hawthorne conceived his story, 'The Ambitious Guest.' This awe-inspiring spot is part of the *Crawford Notch State Reservation*.

Hawthorne knew this mountain region as well as every schoolboy today knows his tale of the 'Great Stone Face.' The cliffs which form the Old Man of the Mountains' tremendous profile hang 1200 feet above Profile Lake, the 'Old Man's Washbowl,' easily seen as you drive through Franconia Notch in the *State Reservation*. It is said that the 'Old Man' receives more visitors yearly than any other scenic attraction in New England.

South of the Franconia Notch Reservation is the *Flume Reservation*, with woodland paths and a private toll road leading across the picturesque *Covered Bridge* to the entrance of the *Flume Gorge*. This fissure some 700 feet in length is flanked by high perpendicular walls in the side of Mt. Flume.

Five miles northwest of North Woodstock in *Kinsman Notch* (N.H. 112), you will find the *Lost River Reservation*, owned by the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. Be sure to visit the weird caverns formed by the 'lost' Moosilauke Branch, and the Nature Garden, containing over 300 native plants.

Lost River is right on the great *Appalachian Trail*, from Georgia to Mt. Katahdin in Maine. The trail enters the White Mountains by way of the Dartmouth Outing Club Trail from Hanover, and crosses Mt. Moosilauke, the Franconia Ridge, the Presidentials, the Carter-Moriah Range, and the principal summits of the Mahoosac Range into Maine.

Since you can't possibly cover the entire White Mountain region, try cutting through the mountains by way of the highway following the Saco River in from Maine (US 302). Entering New Hampshire at CONWAY CENTER, you cross *Joel's Covered Bridge*, with ships' knees reinforcing its roof.

You come into the winter sports center at NORTH CONWAY, on the wide intervals of the Saco River. Across the stream you will see the *Moats*, North, Middle, and South, with *White Horse Ledge* and *Cathedral Ledge* just above their base. INTERVALE has a superb view of Mt. Washington and the other Presidentials.

When you reach the junction of roads at GLEN, continue on US 302. At BARTLETT, you begin to go steadily upgrade toward the *Crawford Notch*, discovered in 1771 by Timothy Nash, who, while hunting a moose, climbed a tree to try to get a glimpse of his quarry, and saw the defile through the forest.

You enter the *Crawford Notch Reservation* about 3 miles or so beyond *Notchland*. Soon you begin the steep climb through the notch. Waterfalls tumble over the high cliffs to your right, and below is a deep ravine, one of the wildest scenes in all the White Mountains. The bare summit of *Mt. Willard* overhangs the Notch, and you come out around the ledge of the *Elephant Head* to *Saco Lake* where the river rises.

Turn on the road opposite the *Crawford House* and drive 6 miles through the woods to MARSH-FIELD at the base of Mt. Washington, where the funny little cars of the *Cogwheel Railway* — 'clinking like a beetle and sputtering smoke and steam as only goblin caterpillars might' — begin their ascent over the trestle of *Jacob's Ladder* to the *Summit*.

After returning from 'New England's Roof,' go back to BRETTON WOODS (US 302), passing by the *Upper Falls of the Ammonoosuc* and the rear of the *Mount Washington Hotel*. Now you follow the *Ammonoosuc River*, which has tumbled down from the *Lakes of the Clouds* in the greatest fall of any river east of the Rocky Mountains.

At TWIN MOUNTAINS, you should bear west and climb the hill to BETHLEHEM STREET, with its famous mountain views and 30 hotels. From here you descend to LITTLETON, center of a large recreational area, including FRANCONIA, nestling under the wing of *Mt. Lafayette* and SUGAR HILL with hotels and summer homes overlooking the Franconia Mountains. Still following down the Ammonoosuc, you go through LISBON and BATH, and at WOODSVILLE, a village in the large township of HAVERHILL, you can cross the Connecticut River into Vermont.

A detour of rare charm can be taken from the Marsh-Field Station road, up through *Jefferson Notch*, on to JEFFERSON, and then by N.H. 115 to TWIN MOUNTAINS.

If you decide to go riding across New Hampshire lengthways, as Carl Sandburg did when he visited Robert Frost, you can come up the eastern side of the State from DOVER by N.H. 16. You pass through the Lake Ossipee region to PEQUAWKET. Mt. Chocorua, visible from here, is a perennial favorite of mountain climbers.

Entering the CONWAYS you continue to GLEN and then on N.H. (notice the 16 *Covered Bridge*) to JACKSON, the entrance to *Pinkham Notch*, through which flows the *Ellis River*. Visit *Glen Ellis Falls*, where rustic paths and stairways border cascades to the main falls which tumble 65 feet into a pool.

In *Tuckerman Ravine*, two and a half miles by foot-trail from the *Pinkham Notch Camp* of the Appalachian Mountain Club, you will be surprised to find early June flowers in August at the headwall. At the watershed of the Notch is the entrance to the *Mount Washington Toll Road*, opposite the *Glen House*, where you will get a thrilling view of the five highest peaks in the mountains.

The highway drops with the Peabody River by the *Dolly Copp Forest Camp* with its fine view of the gargyle on *Imp Mountain*. Today the spot where the pioneer farm of the Copps stood is marked. Dolly, on their golden wedding anniversary, coined a sentence which has since become a mountain classic. 'Hayes,' she said, 'is well enough, but fifty years is long enough to live with any man!' And so the couple divided their household goods and parted.

At GORHAM, on the Androscoggin River, you continue north on N.H. 16 into BERLIN, the only north country city. You keep up the Androscoggin through miles of wild land to ERROL, entrance to the Magalloway-Aziscoos country. Now bear northwest on N.H. 26 along Clear Stream to dramatic *Dixville Notch*, under *Mt. Sanguinari*, named for the bronze and crimson tints that play on the rocks at sunset. Climb *Table Rock* if you want a good look across the border into Canada.

Alongside the *Mohawk River* N.H. 26 leads to COLEBROOK under the shadow of Vermont's *Mt. Monadnock*. Taking US 3 you can follow the Connecticut River to PITTSBURG, New Hampshire's largest and northernmost township, and pass the three *Connecticut Lakes*, a great region for fishing and hunting, and so on to the Canadian line. Going south through Colebrook's main street on US 3 you'll see the 'upper Cohass intervalles' between NORTH STRATFORD and LANCASTER, where Rogers' Rangers, returning home from the sack of St. Francis, made the terrible journey described by Kenneth Roberts in 'Northwest Passage.' You'll like the stately main street of Lancaster, the county seat of Coös County, and you'll also enjoy the panorama of mountains and lakes as you swing around *Mt. Prospect* to the high ridge above WHITEFIELD, a popular recreational village.

Coming back on US 3 to TWIN MOUNTAINS again, you swing southwest and upgrade until you're virtually surrounded by *Bald Mountain*, *Artist Bluff*, and *Eagle Cliff*. It's not their height that makes them impressive, for none of the trio are peaks; but they are rocky and steep and amazingly near to you. Right in the midst of them, the waters of *Echo Lake*, aptly named, reflect the cliffs.

Continuing south, you come to the *Valley Station of the Aerial Passenger Tramway*. Leave your car in the ample parking-place while you glide up the side of *Cannon Mountain* in the cars suspended on steel cables, forty feet above the tree-tops. From the *Mountain Station*, 2022 feet above the Valley Station, you'll get one more superlative mountain view.

At the Franconia Notch Reservation, you'll spend a long time looking up at the *Old Man of the Mountains* and noting how the features change whenever you shift your position.

US 3 follows down the infant Pemigewasset River by a great pot-hole, *The Basin*, to the *Flume Tea House*, where you may enter the *Flume Gorge*, either by way of the footpaths or by bus.

Again returning to the highway (US 3) you pass another rocky profile, *Indian Head* on Mt. Pemigewasset. NORTH WOODSTOCK is the gateway to Kinsman Notch and the Mt. Moosilauke region, with a

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highway (N.H. 112) turning west and passing by the entrance to Lost River Reservation.

US 3 continues down the Pemigewasset Valley and on to Concord and Boston. On your way you will be richly rewarded by a detour from WEST CAMPTON eastward on the Waterville Valley Road to the mountain-encircled summer and winter resort of WATERVILLE VALLEY.







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# THE LAKES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

*Lochs Amid the Highlands*

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US 3, N.H. 11, 25, 107, 28; Laconia, 55 *m.* from Franconia Notch, 100 *m.* from Boston, 65 *m.* from Portsmouth.

THE glacial ice sheet of 25,000 years ago worked wonders for this State. After softening down the mass of mountain peaks it ground its way over the lowland and left hundreds of basins to form the lakes of New Hampshire. Green forests walled them in. There are now miles upon miles of wooded shores; roads between pines, maples, and birches; sloping grassy hillsides strewn with buttercups and Queen Anne's lace; pasture pools with white and yellow waterlilies.

The shaggy slopes of the Belknap and Ossipee Mountains frame Lake Winnepesaukee. Beyond, the bald cone of Chocorua, the 'blueblack toppling wave' of Paugus, lofty Passaconaway, and the ledges of White-face form a drop-curtain for Squam. To the east is Ossipee. To the west lies Newfound Lake, against a background of blue hills, guarded by Mount Cardigan. Lake Mascoma is about 40 miles distant, almost on the Connecticut River; and to the southeast, at the apex of an equilateral triangle, the 'Wild Goose Water' which Yankee tongues have changed from the Indians' 'Soo-ni-pe' to 'Sunapee.'

Lake Winnepesaukee is the greatest of them all. Even its name was spelled in 132 different ways until the State Legislature set the present form. Deep bays, narrow inlets, and long peninsulas fashion a shoreline of almost 200 miles. For good measure throw in over 270 islands.

Like everyone else you will select a favorite view. It may include one of Winnepesaukee's trademarks — wooded Rattlesnake Island, Merry-meeting Bay, Copple Crown near Wolfeboro, the lighthouse on Spindle Point, and the 'Necks' — first and second — on the northwest shore. Again you may choose more intimate scenes of white birches reflected on the water or a little cottage hidden among the trees on an island's rocky shore.

There is excellent fishing throughout the region both in the lakes and the ponds, which are kept well stocked by the State. Winnepesaukee,

Winnisquam, Squam, Newfound, Sunapee, Ossipee are favorites with experienced fishermen for their lake trout, landlocked salmon, rainbow trout, black bass. Sunapee has the aureolus (golden) trout, once exclusive to this body of water. Those who prefer a gun to a rod go out after an occasional deer, especially in Ossipee township.

The State maintains fine reservations in the Lakes district: you can bathe at Endicott Park at the Weirs, picnic and bathe at Lake Wentworth and Wellington Beach on Newfound Lake, and camp at the White Lake Camp Ground near West Ossipee.

There are mountain trails on Sunapee, Kearsarge, Cardigan, Belknap, and Chocorua and the neighboring summits of the Sandwich Range. Snowbound and ice-covered in winter, this region nevertheless refuses to hibernate. Winter brings skiing, skating, and fishing through the ice. Iceboats tilt at a perilous angle, their sails swollen by mountain blasts. Horses race on the ice, and native sledge dogs take part in annual derbies. There are ski-trails and nursery slopes on all the hillsides, especially in Plymouth, with a ski-chair ropeway, ski-jump, slalom course, and a ski-tramway at the Belknap Mountain Recreation Center.

The best route from the south is US 3, which follows in large part the valley of the mighty Merrimack to CONCORD, the State Capital, 75 miles north of Boston.

Take N.H. 9 west from Concord, then N.H. 103, and wind in and out with the little Warner River to its source near *Lake Sunapee*, by the twin-topped mountain of the same name, whose base meets its waters. Numerous large settlements and extensive summer estates occupy the shores. At MT. SUNAPEE you can take an unnumbered but paved road to SUNAPEE HARBOR, and then continue on N.H. 11, which will give you a good look at the Lake. NEW LONDON has one of the best situations in the State. *Mt. Kearsarge* stands out conspicuously. The highway continues to the city of FRANKLIN, within whose limits is the *Birthplace of Daniel Webster*.

From Franklin take N.H. 3A — past highland views of the Pemigewasset Valley — through BRISTOL, an especially industrious place in the summer, to *Newfound Lake*. Over to the west and almost overshadowing the lake, towers *Mt. Cardigan*, popular for hiking in summer and skiing in winter.

Instead of returning to Franklin and through the junior college town of TILTON, your road map will show you a short cut from Bristol on N.H. 104 through the town of NEW HAMPTON, and then on an unnumbered but good road across to LACONIA. Most of Laconia is so surrounded by

water that it is naturally known as the 'City of the Lakes.' Three of them are linked by the Winnepesaukee River to form its western border, *Paugus*, *Opeechee*, and *Winnisquam*. In the summer the city is a trading center for the whole central lake region of vacationists. In the winter, snow trains from Boston pull in with hundreds of enthusiasts; international sled-dog races start and finish in its main street. A few miles east of Laconia is the *Belknap Mountain Recreation Center* in Gilford, devoted to winter sports.

Continue on US 3 around the cabin-lined shores of Lake Paugus to THE WEIRS, the most important port on *Lake Winnepesaukee*. The 70-year-old side-wheeler 'Mount Washington' steams away like an old dowager to make her round of the lake. Speed boats flash up to the piers. Sea-planes rise and alight. Races culminate in a regatta in August. Under a granite canopy is one of the oldest authentic monuments in New England, *Endicott Rock*, on which in 1652 surveyors for Governor John Endicott marked the northern boundary claimed by the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Continue up the hill from The Weirs on US 3; from the top you capture the full sweep of Winnepesaukee.

Ride down a steep hill past tiny *Lake Waukewan* to your left into MEREDITH, noted as a linen-manufacturing center and a resort town. Stop at a parking-place some six and a half miles beyond Meredith for a memorable vista of *Squam Lake*, backed by the rugged peak of Mt. Chocorua, and the lower, tower-topped Red Hill. From HOLDERNESS you can make a circular trip of the lake.

By taking a 60-mile motor tour from Meredith (N.H. 25) on your return trip, you can get a good idea of the towns around Lake Winnepesaukee. CENTER HARBOR has a commanding view of the lake and the mountain ranges — Ossipee, Alton, and Belknap surrounding it on the east and south. At MOULTONBOROUGH CORNER, a 5-mile detour will take you to CENTER SANDWICH, delightfully situated in a highland bowl. *Sandwich Industries* was the nucleus of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts. From Moultonborough take N.H. 107 through MELVIN VILLAGE, under massive *Mt. Shaw*, to WOLFEBORO, the busiest port on the eastern side of the lake. A few miles east of Wolfeboro on N.H. 28 is little *Lake Wentworth*. There are two State parks here, the *Wentworth Beach Reservation* for picnicking and bathing, and the *Governor Wentworth Reservation*. You can still see the well and cellar-hole of Governor John's summer mansion, which he built in 1768, thus starting the vogue for summer homes in New Hampshire.

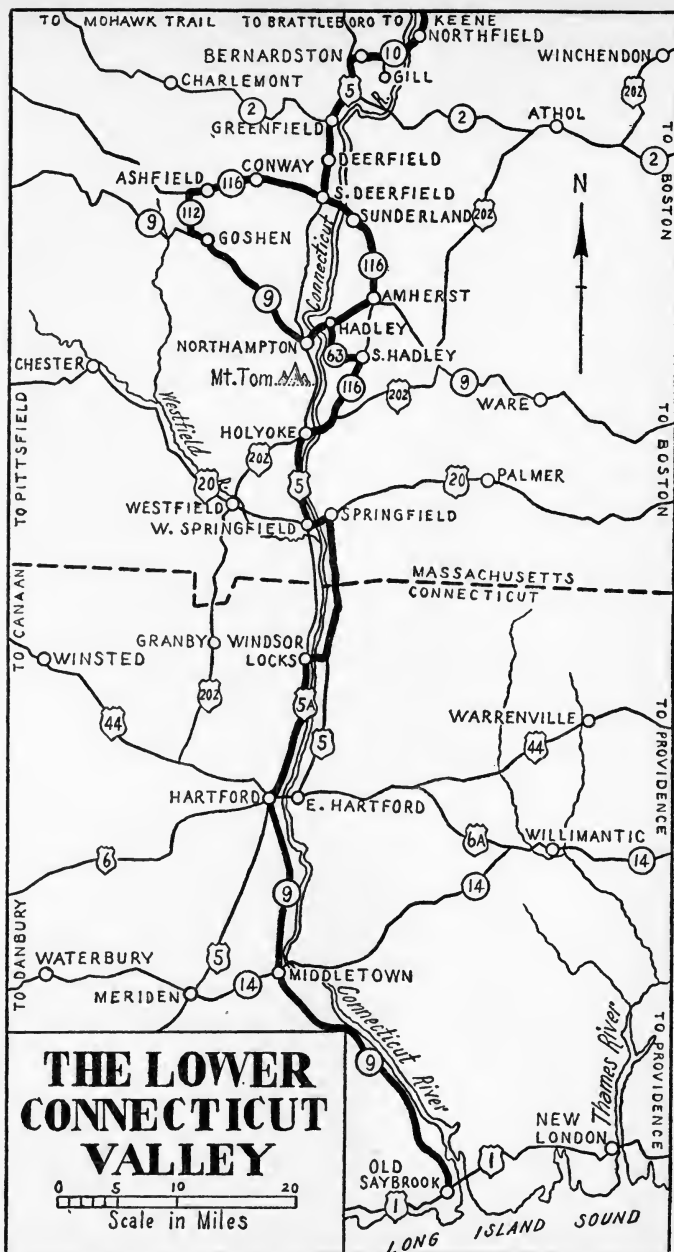
From Wolfeboro continue south by N.H. 28, around the lower end of

the lake at ALTON BAY, and on by N.H. 11 through summer-cottage settlements along the south shore to Laconia again.

Another popular highway from the south is N.H. 16 from Portsmouth, which brings you up through the Whittier country. It passes the entering road to *Ossipee Lake*, with its pine-fringed ledges and promontories, and its western shores dotted with cottages. CHOCORUA is a tourist center. Four miles west of it is TAMWORTH, once the summer home of President Cleveland. A gem of New Hampshire waters is *Lake Chocorua*, two miles north of Chocorua Village. The soft reflection of Mt. Chocorua lies upon its waters.

These do not begin to be all of New Hampshire's lakes and ponds, for every town in the State except Temple and Plaistow is blessed with at least one.





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# UP THE LOWER CONNECTICUT VALLEY

## *College Boys and Indians*

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Conn. 9, US 5; Old Saybrook, 110 m. from New York.

BROAD pastorals, once the scene of Indian massacres, college towns, and two of New England's most progressive municipalities are ranged along the lower Connecticut Valley. The best road for comfort is Conn. 9 from Old Saybrook to Hartford, and US. 5 from there to Greenfield. The Connecticut River, New England's largest stream, is the unifying channel of the whole region, and tidewater runs all the way up to Hartford.

OLD SAYBROOK, lying among salt marshes near the mouth of the river and penetrated by numerous tidal inlets, was once a fishing village known for its immense daily catch of shad. Yale College was originally situated here.

Not far up the river MIDDLETOWN, an industrial city active long ago in West Indian shipping, still preserves an air of academic dignity as the seat of *Wesleyan University*.

HARTFORD is the capital of Connecticut, and owing to the great size of the home offices of its national insurance firms, the city looks quite metropolitan. *Mark Twain's House and Library* are a shrine for Tom Sawyer devotees. *Trinity College*, the leading Episcopal school of New England, has an English Collegiate Gothic chapel reminiscent of Oxford University. *The Old State House*, designed in 1796 by Bulfinch, has an architectural harmony more admired by some than the impressive capitol.

North of Hartford the first extensive view of the State's tobacco fields opens out before you. The canal and locks at WINDSOR LOCKS remind you that river navigation was once of importance here.

SPRINGFIELD, just across the Massachusetts line, is a rival of Hartford in size and culture. Other New England cities envy the *Municipal Plaza*, with its twin courthouse and auditorium in the Corinthian style, and its 300-foot *Campanile*, commanding an extensive view of the river valley. *Forest Park* has a July display of lotus and rare waterlilies. At the WEST SPRINGFIELD fair grounds is *Storrows town*, a colonial vil-

lage reassembled from original structures brought here from all over New England.

From West Springfield US 5 is the best route to follow up through the valley. At HOLYOKE, a center of paper manufacture, there is a choice of two routes to Northampton. By continuing along US 5 you pass *Mt. Tom*, a 1200-foot elevation whose summit is reached by a motor road winding through a public reservation of woodland. The second route crosses to the east bank of the Connecticut and presently reaches SOUTH HADLEY, where *Mt. Holyoke College* is set in a spaciouly landscaped campus. The road continues north to HADLEY, and from here you can recross the river to Northampton.

Two distinctions mark NORTHAMPTON, for this small city of many parks and trees is both the seat of *Smith College* and the former *Home of Calvin Coolidge*. At Smith, *Mandell Quadrangle* rivals in opulence the new quadrangles in the English manner at Harvard and Yale.

There is an attractive side tour you take from Northampton up into the highlands of the Valley, a 35-mile trip on Mass. 9, 112, and 116. After HAYDENVILLE, where buttons are manufactured, you rise rapidly to GOSHEN, over a thousand feet higher than Northampton. Near Goshen is the old *Whale Inn*. The *D.A.R. State Forest* is a good place for picnicking, and *Highland Lake* for boating, fishing, and bathing. At LITHIA take Mass. 112, passing *Mountain Rest*, an extensive summer resort for the families of missionaries. At the junction take Mass. 116, continuing on to ASHFIELD, another little hill town, famous for its apple orchards. *Great Pond* has picnic grounds and bathing. After passing *Mt. Owen*, the highway follows South River, over which is a *Covered Bridge*. In CONWAY is the memorial *Marshall Field Library* with a good historical collection. Both Ashfield and Conway are much favored by artists and writers. The highway continues to South Deerfield.

Seven miles away from Northampton, across the river on Mass. 9, is AMHERST, rich in literary and academic associations. *Amherst College* has a mellow, small campus typical of those New England schools which limit their size. Near-by is the *Home of Emily Dickinson*, the distinguished poet. Within Amherst boundaries, on Mass. 116, is the *Massachusetts Agricultural College*, better known to its alumni as 'Aggie.' Dominating SUNDERLAND is *Mt. Toby* (alt. 1275), from whose summit there is a choice view up and down the river. A mile and a half north of Sunderland on Mass. 63 is *Taylor Park*, privately owned but open.

DEERFIELD lies a few miles north of the junction of Mass. 116 with US 5 at SOUTH DEERFIELD, across the Connecticut River. Almost

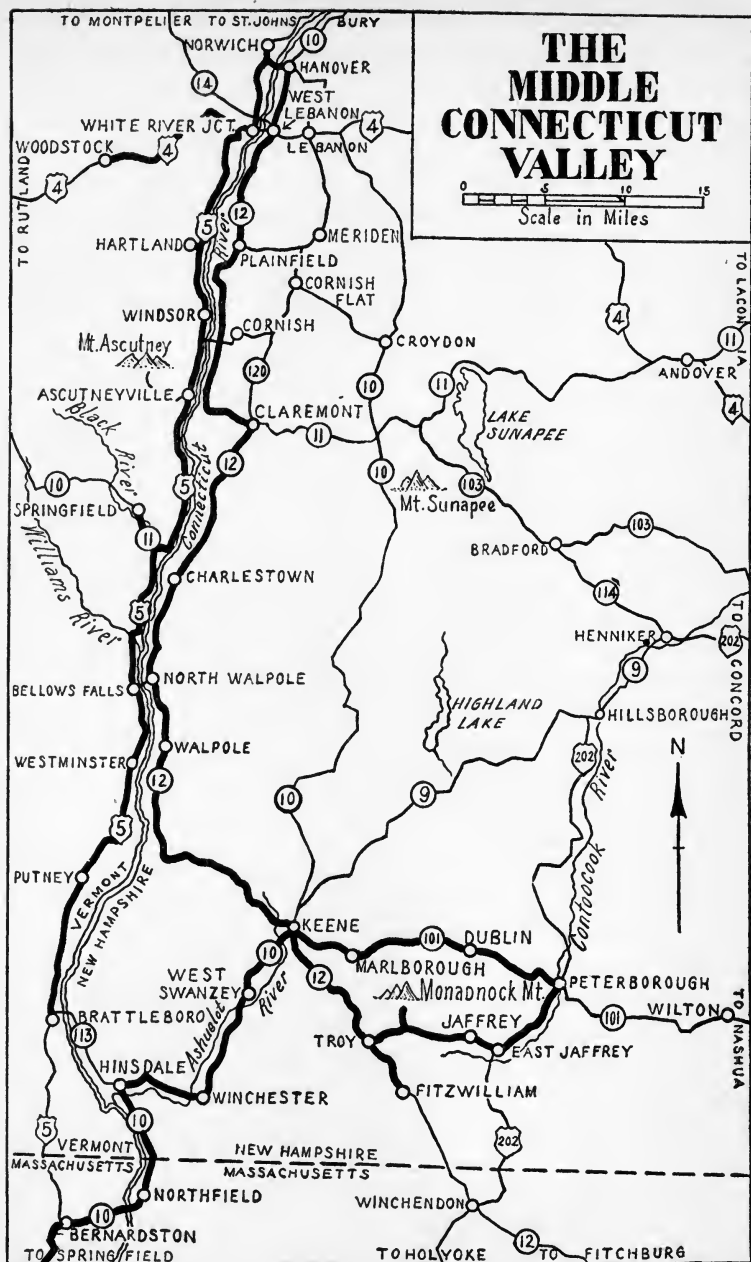


completely burned by Indians in 1675 and again in 1704, it was rebuilt on simple, sturdy lines. A mile-long street of aged houses, an arch of tall elms, a church, a school or two, and nothing more. Old Deerfield is unique and dreamlike, ghost-haunted; it went to sleep over two hundred years ago. A study in arrested motion. None of its rare houses is open to the public, although a reproduction of the *Indian House* admits visitors.

In GREENFIELD, a sizeable industrial town just above Deerfield, the *Potter House* (*private*), corner of Main and High Sts., which has been described as an Ionic-columned Greek temple, shows the extremes to which the Greek Revival was sometimes carried.

From Greenfield you may follow the valley up into Vermont on US 5, or into New Hampshire by Mass. 10 from BERNARDSTON through NORTHFIELD, a quiet rural community. Here is located Dwight L. Moody's *Northfield Seminary* for young women. *Mt. Hermon School* for boys is in the adjoining town of GILL.

A horizontal scale bar labeled "Scale in Miles" with markings at 0, 5, 10, and 15.



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# THE MIDDLE CONNECTICUT VALLEY

*Mountain Sentinels and River Bends*

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N.H. 10, 12, US 5; Keene, 90 *m.* from Boston; Brattleboro, 200 *m.* from New York.

ROBERT FROST put it tersely when he wrote:

New Hampshire raises the Connecticut  
In a trout hatchery near Canada,  
But soon divides it with Vermont.

By law New Hampshire owns over 200 miles of the 'long river of pines,' but shares the stream with its 'yokefellow' Vermont. Flowing on through Massachusetts and Connecticut the river becomes the only four-State stream in New England. From the little 'cats' bows' of the north country down through the mile-wide oxbows between Haverhill and Newbury, the Connecticut loops and curves to unwind again in the broad reaches below White River Junction. In places it flows under high palisades and terraced banks, emerging between wide intervalles fringed by hills. The lower end of the valley is guarded by two isolated mountain sentinels: Ascutney in Vermont on the north, Grand Monadnock in New Hampshire on the south.

Two main routes from the south approach this part of the valley, US 5 on the Vermont side, and Mass.-N.H. 10 on the New Hampshire.

Drive up by N.H. 10 from Bernardston, Massachusetts, on US 5. This will bring you into the historic Indian country around HINSDALE. The first settlers paddled up the Connecticut in long canoes. While they were 'diggin' in' along the meadows they fought it out with the Redmen. Indians hunted settlers! Settlers hunted wolves! And away off in Portsmouth sat Benning Wentworth, Royal Governor of the Province, giving away big bites of the land to his intimates. The Reverend Eleazar Wheelock,

'With a Gradus ad Parnassum, a Bible and a drum,  
And five hundred gallons of New England rum,'

brought his Indian boys into the wilderness to start the school which later became Dartmouth College. Then you'll follow the Ashuelot River

through WINCHESTER, Major General Leonard Wood's birthplace, and WEST SWANZEY, where the author of the popular play 'The Old Homestead' lived in the *Denman Thompson Home*. There's a fine specimen of a *Covered Bridge* in the village. As you approach Keene you can't miss volcano-like *Grand Monadnock*, the glory of this part of the valley.

The city of KEENE, with a wide elm-shaded main street, is the home of a *State Normal School*, and the trading center for the large recreational region.

From Keene you can take a 45-mile trip around the base of Monadnock. Go south on N.H. 12 to TROY; from here you get one of the best views of Grand Monadnock. (We don't wish to distract you too much, but fine old FITZWILLIAM, the mountain-laurel town, lies 4 miles south of Troy; its village *Church* is a gem of early architecture.) From Troy take a paved road directly east to the mountain. A *Toll Road* from this highway leads to the *Halfway House* on the mountain's western slope. Follow the White Arrow foot trail from the hotel and after a mile of climbing you'll find yourself 3165 feet above the sea on the summit, personified by Emerson:

Every morn I lift my head,  
See New England underspread  
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,  
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.

Monadnock is the mountain of artists, who love to put on canvas its varied and everchanging hues. The whole region is a workshop for the landscape painter. The mountain is crossed by excellent trails for hikers. It's a center for festivals and carnivals that start with the apple blossoms in May and continue through the Winter Carnivals in January and February. In June the mountain laurel is in full bloom, and in July and August many of the surrounding towns are gay with Old Home Day celebrations.

JAFFREY, a popular summer resort, suns itself on the southern slope of the mountain; near-by the *Monadnock Reservation* has a public picnic-ing and camping site. At EAST JAFFREY, turn north on US 202 along the banks of the Contoocook River to PETERBOROUGH, probably better known than any other New Hampshire town, especially because of the *MacDowell Colony*. Here in a 600-acre retreat writers, musicians, and other artists can 'work out their dreams unmolested,' as did its founder, the eminent musical composer, Edward MacDowell.

From Peterborough take N.H. 101 westward up over the hills to DUBLIN; then down from the heights through MARLBOROUGH to Keene. Twelve miles west of the city on N.H. 9 is *Lake Spofford*, with a large summer colony.

To follow the Connecticut River take N.H. 12 from Keene. The next town to welcome you is stately WALPOLE, its many houses overlooking the river and the lower mountains of Vermont. The wild *Rapids at Belows Falls* give you some idea of the vast power of this usually slow and placid river. CHARLESTOWN, a frontier town during the colonial wars, is on the site of old 'Fort Number Four,' the northernmost of a line built to protect the Valley from the French and Indians. CLAREMONT, New Hampshire's largest town, is another 'crossroads corner.'

From Claremont, N.H. 12 continues along the Connecticut. A detour from the highway on a country road to the east will take you to the town of CROYDON, one third of which is covered by the *Blue Mountain Forest Park*. In it is the *Corbin Game Preserve*, where range buffalo, deer, moose, elk, wild boar, Himalayan goat, and antelope.

On the main highway is the scattered village of CORNISH, one of New Hampshire's most exclusive summer resorts, with a *Covered Toll Bridge* across the Connecticut River. Art lovers all come to the *Saint-Gaudens Memorial*, embracing the former home, the two studios, and the burial place of the sculptor who came up into the Valley to find a model for his statue, 'The Standing Lincoln.'

Tiny PLAINFIELD has a back drop painted by the artist Maxfield Parrish in its simple *Town Hall*. Five miles east of Plainfield is the *Meriden Bird Sanctuary*, 32 acres of ideal woodland.

Your next stop will be at HANOVER, and *Dartmouth College*. Walk around the *College Green*, in front of the stately white structures of the *Old Row*. Don't leave Hanover without visiting the stately *Baker Memorial Library*, with its many treasures, including the much discussed *Orozco Frescoes*, painted by the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco. Hanover is always recreation-minded, and especially so during the Dartmouth Winter Carnival.

From Hanover cross over the Connecticut to the Vermont side and your first stop will be NORWICH, a village of old frame houses and picket-fenced lawns where Norwich University was founded in 1820.

Turn south on US 5 to WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, where rivers, highways, and railroads converge. The Junction is the railway station for WOODSTOCK (US 4), a summer resort and winter sports center attracting a fashionable crowd. The *First Ski Tow* in the country was operated here. On the way to Woodstock the road passes over a high bridge above *Queechee Gorge*, one of Vermont's outstanding natural spectacles. In HARTLAND, still on US 5, the Community Fair Horse Show in August features the finest mounts in the State. WINDSOR, on terraces

above the Connecticut, has figured vitally in the State's history. In the *Old Constitution House* (1777) the constitution of Vermont was drawn and adopted.

To the south now stands out the summit of *Mt. Ascutney* (alt. 3320). Just south of ASCUTNEYVILLE a country road to the right will lead to a surfaced parkway through the *Ascutney State Forest Park* to the *Saddle*. You can stop and picnic here, and then hike up the additional 500 feet to the top of the peak. Below, trailing off into the distance are lower hills and valleys; among them little white villages and miles of green meadows, and through it all the bends and sweeps of the Connecticut.

A few miles from the main highway on Vt. 10 is SPRINGFIELD, a manufacturing center, where a bridge on the main street crosses the roaring cascades of the Black River.

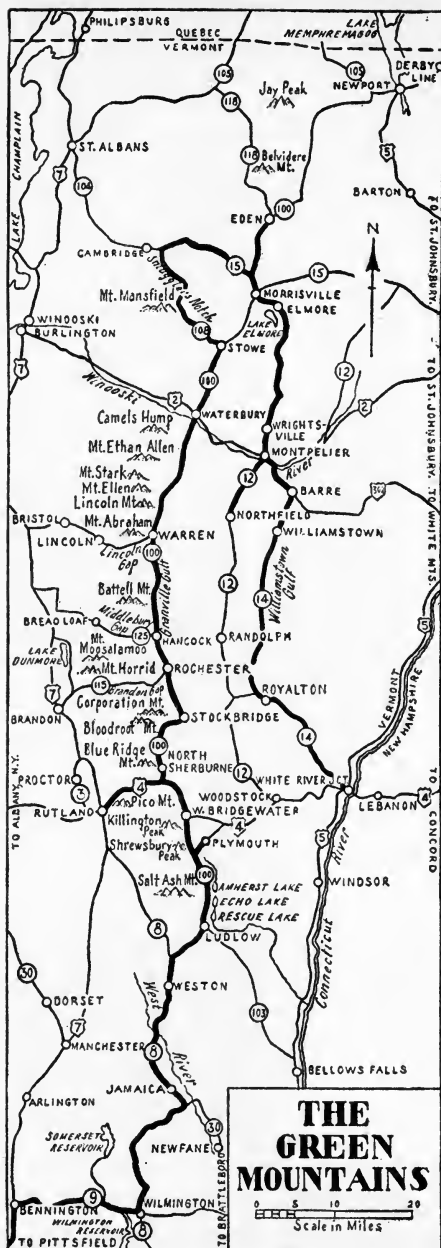
North of Bellows Falls is the mouth of the *Williams River*, named for the minister who in 1704 preached to a party of whites captured by Indians, the first Protestant sermon delivered on Vermont soil.

BELLOWS FALLS, a dairy and industrial center, lies on a series of sharply cut river terraces. On the New Hampshire side of the Connecticut a craggy bulk of rock, *Mt. Kilburn*, is a background for the mill smoke and a sounding-board for locomotive whistles. Hetty Green, wealthy woman financier, lived here for many years and left a reputation that grew more from eccentricity than purse-pinching.

Long, one-streeted WESTMINSTER was the scene of the 'Westminster Massacre,' March 13, 1775, in which only one man lost his life but hundreds gained a cause — a foreglimpse, if not the first engagement, of the Revolution. Still further south you will come to PUTNEY, and perhaps recall with surprise that the Noyes Community once tried to establish itself here.

BRATTLEBORO, Vermont's southeastern entrance to the Connecticut Valley, has a crowded brick business section, offset by attractive terraced outskirts. The *Site of Fort Dummer*, first permanent white settlement in the State (1724), is near-by. Of many products turned out here the Estey Organ, once the center of family gatherings throughout the nation, is the best known. From the *Brattleboro Ski Jump* the ace jumpers of the country soar through the frosty air each winter.







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# THROUGH THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

*The Backbone of Vermont*

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US 7, 4, 2, Vt. 9, 100; Bennington, 43 m. from Brattleboro, 175 m. from New York, 145 m. from Boston.

THE countryside on the western edges of Vermont is a rich farmland crisscrossed with well-watered valleys. But up and down the backbone of the State, 160 miles long, lies a region of quite another character, the Green Mountain country — the ridgepole of Vermont.

These upper valleys have some of the best examples of 'continuous' architecture: the house, the sheds, the workshops, the barns, and the silo are all pieced together so that in winter (this country is in the 120-inch snowbelt) a man can go from parlor to cowbarn without having to shovel a path. On the ridges and sidehills are clumps of maples; scattered in among the trees the weatherstained boards of unpainted sugar-houses, a delight to the artist's eye. Beside mountain streams buzz rude sawmills; clean stacks of lumber and piles of yellow sawdust litter their yards. The sharp spire of a little church pierces the blue haze of the hilltops. Through a covered bridge comes your first view of the village, with well-kept clapboard houses, the old-fashioned country store, a mill — all grouped around a tree-shaded Common, true to the early New England pattern.

Most of the region is open to the motorcar, but if you want exercise, go hiking through the Green Mountains. One of Vermont's prides is the famous *Long Trail*, a pathway through the wilderness, skirting the tops of the mountains from the Massachusetts line to the Canadian border. Shelters and camps are situated along the way. Spread over this mountain country is a network of back roads, inviting to those bent upon penetrating leisurely into the depths of the region.

For lovers of the saddle, riding trails wind over the uplands. There are bright mountain streams to fish in, and spring-fed lakes for swimming. And there are wilderness depths for the hunter to prowl through. In the southwestern section of the State, you will find excellent golf courses and tennis courts, pleasant tea rooms, and smart drinking places.

Entering Vermont at POWNAL on US 7 you drive along a towering mountain wall to BENNINGTON, where Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys once quaffed their rum at the Catamount Tavern. OLD BENNINGTON, an attractive 18th-century village, was left on the highlands when the town rushed downhill to meet the railroad and 19th-century progress. The *First Congregational Church* (1806), is one of the State's finest; in the *Old Burying Ground* sleep the fallen heroes of the battle of Bennington. The *Parson Dewey House* (1763) is the oldest in Vermont; the *General David Robinson House* (1795) one of the most elaborate. You can climb 300 feet to the top of the *Bennington Battle Monument* if your wind is good and you appreciate a hard-won view. The *Historical Museum* is crowded with mementoes of Vermont's stirring history. *Bennington College* features experimental education.

At the edge of the mountains US 7 rolls northward along a gracious valley to ARLINGTON, home of Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sarah Cleg-horn. MANCHESTER is the most elegant summer and winter resort this rural State can boast. DORSET, an immaculate white-painted village, is an art center of repute. But these communities, while enjoying the true Green Mountain backdrop, are really more typical of fashionable resorts in other States than of Vermont.

To get into the real mountains from Bennington, climb eastward on Vt. 9, the Molly Stark Trail. From the heights, unbroken forests stretch north and south, a carpet of green in summer, a tapestry of mellow color in the fall. Turning north on Vt. 8 from WILMINGTON you enter the depths of the *Green Mountain National Forest*, a wild mountain-lake region.

After clambering over Vt. 8 for miles you'll drop abruptly into a sort of Lorna Doone country called the West River Valley. To the southeast is NEWFANE, with its handsome *Windham County Courthouse* (1825) in the style of the Greek Revival. Northeast along the valley the road winds into a section where summer people have revived sleepy villages and refurbished old houses. Some of the best samples are at WESTON, a hill village noted for its restored inn, now the *Farrar Mansur Museum*, the *Vermont Guild of Old Time Crafts and Industries*, and the *Weston Playhouse*, a little white-columned summer theater. Near-by are a public bathing beach at *Hapgood Pond* and a woodland picnic area at *Greendale Forest Camp*.

Continue on to LUDLOW, a manufacturing town on the Black River, where Vt. 100 swings northward, following in a general way the course of the Old Crown Point Military Road and skirting a chain of resort lakes —

*Rescue*, *Echo*, and *Amherst*, named for Lord Jeffrey Amherst, under whose direction the military road was built in 1759. In a house adjoining a country store in the remote hilltop village of PLYMOUTH, Calvin Coolidge was born and there he took the oath of office for the Presidency. Camping and picnicking facilities in the *Coolidge State Park* are convenient for those who visit 'Silent Cal's' birthplace and grave.

Northwest of Plymouth looms a cluster of high mountains, popular with climbers in summer, skiers in winter: *Smith*, *Shrewsbury*, *Killington* (alt. 4241), second loftiest in the State, *Pico Peak* and *Blue Ridge* — the very center of Vermont's Backbone.

At WEST BRIDGEWATER you come to US 4 and can take a side trip to RUTLAND, perhaps the liveliest and most modern city in Vermont, with its prosperity rooted in the marble industry. Rutland is a good place to shop, eat, and drink. To the traveler, fresh from the tranquillity of the mountain wilds, the stores, restaurants, bars, hotels, movies, and bright lights of Rutland are a gratifying change. A few miles west of Rutland on US 4 is gay *Lake Bomoseen*, dotted with small craft and the square-bottomed boats of patient fishermen. High piles of waste rock and dark quarry openings point the way to the slate district of FAIR HAVEN and POULTNEY. North of Rutland is PROCTOR, with an elaborate *Marble Exhibit* that fascinates thousands every year.

Back on US 4 to the wilderness and the mountains! Pick up Vt. 100 at the junction and continue northward through NORTH SHERBURNE and STOCKBRIDGE to ROCHESTER. The mountain wall stands on the west, where *Carmel*, *Bloodroot*, *Corporation*, and *Horrid* rear their heads.

North of ROCHESTER is the narrow mountain valley called *Granville Gulf*, twisting its way through the Green Mountain country. Hundreds of peaks on the horizon: *Monastery*, *Kirby*, *Battell*, the Presidential group culminating with *Lincoln*; then *Ellen*, *Stark*, and *Ethan Allen*. You can picnic at State Parks along the route at *Gifford Woods*, *Texas Falls*, and by the cascade of *Granville Falls*.

To the west are three skyline cross-routes: the Goshen Gore Road (Vt. 115) through *Brandon Gap* to BRANDON, birthplace of Stephen Douglas, and thence to mountain-guarded *Lake Dunmore*, popular summer resort; the Hancock to Middlebury road (Vt. 125) through *Middlebury Gap* and BREAD LOAF; and the Warren to Bristol route through *Lincoln Gap*, steepest of the three, as it wends its way over Lincoln Mountain. All good stiff climbs in low gear, they are rewarding enough if you have a feeling for the deep woods. This is the Rowland Robinson country, where

Vermont's beloved folk-author found his Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovell, and Grand'ther Hill.

Below WATERBURY (Vt. 100), noted now for the Little River Project, largest flood control earth dam in the country, rises Vermont's most arrogant mountain, *Camel's Hump*, or *Le Lion Couchant* (alt. 4083). North of Waterbury and the scenic Winooski Valley, still on Vt. 100, you will come upon STOWE, a tranquil country village in the summer — swarming with colorfully clad skiers throughout the winter months. The slopes on the broad noble heights of *Mt. Mansfield* (alt. 4393), highest in the State, have made this one of the important winter sports areas in the East. The *Nose Dive* is a nationally famous ski run. A toll road leads to the summit of the mountain. Between Stowe and Cambridge on Vt. 108 is *Smuggler's Notch*, a high rock canyon that served as a smuggler's rendezvous during the War of 1812. Don't miss *Bingham Falls* or the *Big Spring*.

Back on Vt. 100 and still bearing north to EDEN you will see the white gash of an asbestos mine high on the side of *Belvidere Mountain*. You are now in Vermont's northern reaches, dominated by the stately cone of *Jay Peak* (alt. 3861), sentinel over the Canadian border.

Returning on Vt. 100 to the central part of the State to MORRISVILLE, you may stop to swim and fish at *Lake Elmore State Park*, and then continue on an unnumbered road past the mammoth earthen *Wrights-ville Dam*, which, along with the dam at East Barre, saved the Winooski Valley towns during the floods of 1936 and 1938.

MONTPELIER, hemmed into the Winooski Valley in the heart of Vermont, is the Capital and symbol of a State of valley towns. Only at noon and at four o'clock when the State and insurance offices enliven the streets with clerks and stenographers — only then does Montpelier resemble a city. Its real demeanor is marked by small-town quiet and reserve. Among the many landmarks are the granite *State House* with its fine Doric portico; the *Supreme Court Building*, which houses the State Library and the Historical Society Museum; the *National Life Building*; the *Wood Gallery of Art*; the *Admiral Dewey Birthplace*; *Vermont Junior College*; *Bethany Congregational Church*; and *Hubbard Park*.

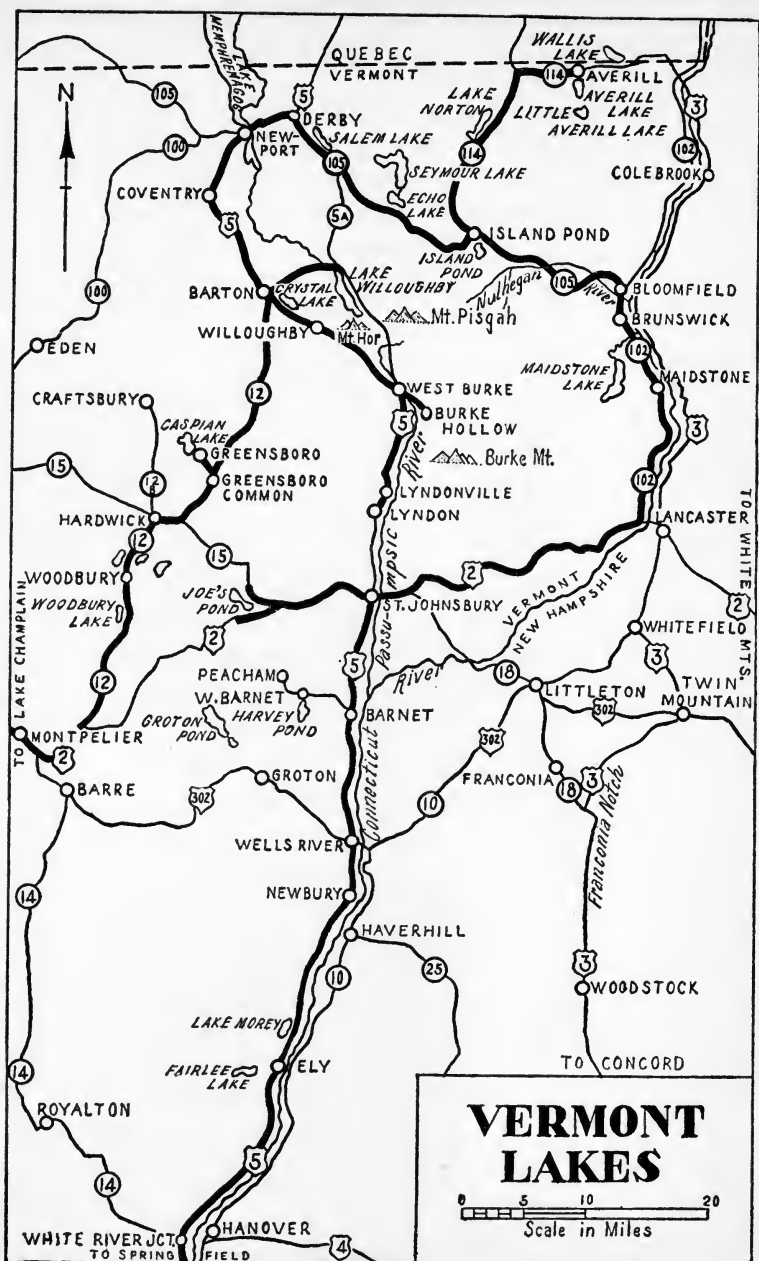
Southwest of Montpelier is NORTHFIELD and *Norwich University* (1820), second oldest military school in the country; below Northfield, the cool woodlands of *Northfield Gulf*.

BARRE, southeastern neighbor of the Capital and her eternal rival, is famous for granite, excellent Italian foods, also wines and *grappa*. The *Granite Sheds* stretch along the river flats. The vast open quarries

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of Websterville and Graniteville are located on *Millstone Hill*, a solid mass of granite looming above the city.

A fit conclusion to this long and mountainous tour is the southward trip from Barre by Vt. 14. Enjoy on your way the cool-shaded depths of *Williamstown Gulf*, a narrow pass through steep forested walls, refreshing on even the hottest summer day.



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# THE NORTHEASTERN LAKES OF VERMONT

*In the Woodlands*

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US 5, Vt. 102, 105, 114, 12; White River Junction, 40 m. from Barre.

THE northeastern corner of Vermont is a land of primitive appeal, a region of villages and farms scattered over a broken terrain ridged with green hills, cut with sharp valleys, and splashed with lakes. There are lakeshore dance halls and excellent equipment for winter sports: skiing, skating, horse-racing on village streets or across the frozen lakes.

Entering the region from the south, follow US 5 along the Connecticut Valley to WHITE RIVER JUNCTION. As you drive northward *Lake Fairlee*, on Vt. 113 from ELY, and *Lake Morey*, near FAIRLEE, are set in basins among low hills near the Connecticut River. Morey, rather well developed and fashionable, has facilities for water sports, golf, tennis, and riding. It is said that Samuel Morey, who claimed to have invented a steamboat fourteen years before Fulton's 'Clermont,' became embittered by lack of public recognition and sank his last boat here.

In the very heart of the Coös Country, beloved of the Abnaki Indians, lies NEWBURY, with a rich heritage of 18th-century landmarks and historical traditions. The town gains from its location in the *Oxbow Meadows*, one of the broadest and richest expanses of meadowland in northern New England. Those interested in early American architecture will find visits to the *Congregational Church* (1794), the *Isaac Bayley House* (1790), and the *Colonel Johnson House* (1775) rewarding.

West of WELLS RIVER off US 302, the commercial center of Newbury township, are *Lund Pond* and *Groton Pond* in *Groton State Forest*. This largest of Vermont's parks offers camp and picnic sites, shelters, a community house, a lookout tower, and good fishing grounds.

To the north is Caledonia County, settled largely by Scottish immigrants from Glasgow, whose descendants still cling to their Covenanter background. Near WEST BARNET is *Harvey Pond*, in a framework of rolling hills which gives it the appearance of a Scottish loch. Northwest of Barnet lies PEACHAM, secluded summer retreat of educators and intellectuals, where Thaddeus Stevens, most vehement of Abolitionists,

spent his boyhood years. The *Congregational Church* has the pleasing symmetry of 18th-century houses of worship.

ST. JOHNSBURY, gateway between the White and Green Mountains, is the jumping-off place for the real lake-and-woods country of the northeastern corner. The town is a center for famous Vermont maple sugar. Residential Main St., extending along a level plateau, is flanked by churches, handsome homes, *St. Johnsbury Academy*, and the Romanesque *Museum of Natural Science*. West of St. Johnsbury on US 2 is *Joe's Pond*, a popular summer spot with cottages, boating, swimming, and dancing, patronized mainly by local people.

East and north from St. Johnsbury, US 2 and Vt. 102 swing along the upper Connecticut Valley into sparsely settled Essex County, a true haven for those a-hunting or a-fishing bent. Here you'll find acres of dense woodland, precious to lumber dealers, and miles of scraggly second-growth timber. Near Vt. 102, *Maidstone Lake*, buried in the wilderness, has lake trout and landlocked salmon for sportsmen who really enjoy roughing it. North of Maidstone are the *Brunswick Mineral Springs*, each one different in mineral content and taste. The White Mountains of New Hampshire in the distant east form a background of singular strength and character for the calm flow of the Connecticut River.

From BLOOMFIELD, Vt. 105 follows the Nulhegan River westward to ISLAND POND, birthplace of Rudy Vallee, first of the crooners. North from Island Pond, Vt. 114, the exciting 'Roller Coaster Road,' rises and dips in breath-taking swoops toward the fishing grounds of *Lake Norton*, with its fantastic jigsaw shoreline, and the wild and remote *Averill Lakes* and *Lake Wallis*, near the Canadian line. Here landlocked salmon and several species of lake trout afford some of the best still-water fishing in Vermont. Accommodations are available in season and guides may be obtained. Back from the wooded shores stretch hilly forests where deer abound for fall shooting.

West of Island Pond on Vt. 105 are *Echo*, *Seymour*, and *Salem Lakes*, a wild and undeveloped trio that lure the angler as well as the sight-seer. The entire back country is one of wilderness lakes and streams, rude little sawmill settlements, hunting camps, and lonely farms squatting on rock-strewn land.

DERBY is spread on a broad plateau where the Saint Francis Indians once camped and hunted, and here you can take a 4-mile side trip to DERBY LINE and the Canadian border. In Prohibition days, the roads of this section smoked beneath the racing cars of reckless bootleggers and grim-faced officers.

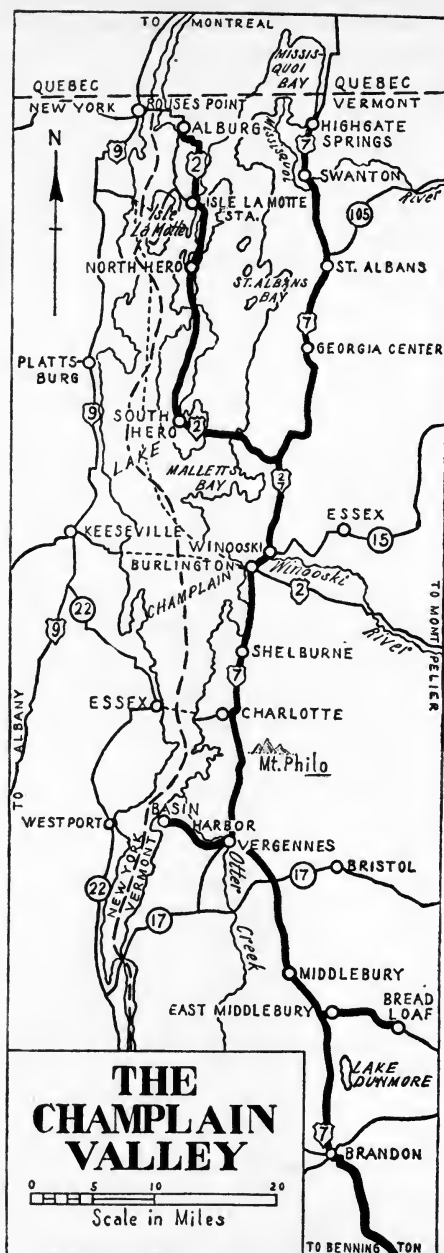


From Derby, US 5 winds downward to NEWPORT, the Border City, located at the southern end of *Lake Memphremagog*. This long irregular sheet of water stretches into Canada between headlands and massed mountains. Overshadowing the lake stands the rugged bulk of *Owl's Head*. The steamer trip from Newport to Magog, Quebec, is well worth your time. Although once a busy lumber center, Newport is now more of a summer resort and 'trading post' for Orleans County.

Following US 5 south you will reach BARTON and *Crystal Lake*, walled on one side by a rocky ridge. In August, Barton is the scene of the colorful *Orleans County Fair*. About 8 miles east of Barton, *Willoughby Lake* lies between its granite-faced mountain sentinels, *Pisgah* and *Hor*. Spectacular vistas greet the eye as one mounts the lookouts above *Pisgah's* craggy cliffs.

South of Barton, US 5 leads through *Willoughby State Forest* to West Burke and BURKE HOLLOW, where the prim *Old Union Meeting House* (1825) stands out above the rustic scene. *Burke Mountain* rises cone-shaped on the east; a paved automobile road climbs to its summit. The lookout tower here commands a vast panorama of the lake-and-hills country. Every watery pocket in the irregular surface seems to mirror the sun. Slopes are patchworked with farm clearings; the valley settlements resemble a cluster of toy villages. Further south are LYNDONVILLE, situated on the banks of the placid Passumpsic River, and LYNDON CENTER, seat of *Lyndon Institute*.

Taking Vt. 12 from Barton, continue southward toward the central part of the State. In GREENSBORO is *Caspian Lake*, lying at a high altitude on breezy uplands. The exclusive summer colony here includes many college professors. To the northwest is the white-painted summit village of CRAFTSBURY COMMON. To the south Vt. 12 leads through HARDWICK, once a booming granite center, and now mainly a trading center in summer. WOODBURY township is an appropriate terminal for your trip, for there are 28 lakes and ponds within its bounds. *Woodbury Lake*, situated along the highway, has a popular summer colony.



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## CHAMPLAIN VALLEY

*The Arcadia of Vermont*

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US 2, 7; Burlington, 40 m. from Montpelier, 300 m. from New York, 230 m. from Boston.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY, the dairy of New England, embraces some 2000 square miles of fertile stream-watered farmland. Eastward, the rolling plains slope to the foothills of the Green Mountains; westward, they merge with the flatlands along the lakeshore. Gazing at a Champlain sunset from the glass-enclosed observation tower of Mt. Philo you will be entranced by the brilliant coloring of the islands and the distant Adirondacks — peaks in profile against a flaming horizon.

Samuel Champlain discovered the great Lake in 1609; and for more than two centuries thereafter the region was the center of a bitter struggle. These waters knew the glide of Indian canoes and those of Rogers' Rangers; they mingled with the human blood shed in fierce naval battles of the Revolution and the War of 1812. Over them floated the first crude lumber rafts for Gideon King, the 'Admiral of the Lake.' In the booming forties the waters churned under huge cargoes. Today Lake Champlain's blue breast is ruffled only by the prows of sailboats, canoes, fishing-boats, and a few ferries plying between the Adirondack resorts and the Vermont side.

Along the 80-mile shore of St. Albans Bay there are beaches for every mood: motor- and sailboating, canoeing, yachting, fishing, swimming, golfing, tennis. There are any number of paths rambling along ledges overlooking the water. And always in the background the Adirondacks cutting jaggedly at the sky.

Starting down from ALBURG on US 2, in the island region of the north, notice the *Stone House* (1823), characteristic of the century-old structures scattered throughout the county.

Near ISLE LA MOTTE STATION in *Burying Ground Point* the *Memorial Tablet* honors the soldiers of the Revolution. You should visit the *Shrine of St. Ann*, a diminutive chapel and its sacred image in a shelter of pines; and the *Site of Fort Ste. Anne*, where in 1666 Captain de La Motte and his French soldiers built a fort for protection against the Mohawks. It was the first white settlement in the State, though only a temporary

one. Here somber-clad Jesuits celebrated the first Mass in Vermont. Off the western shore of this island, Benedict Arnold anchored his fleet before fighting the battle of Valcour Island (1776); and in 1814 the British fleet left this haven for the battle of Plattsburg. Jutting through rich pasture land is the *Coral Reef*, said to be the oldest in the world, and traceable for almost a mile. The *Carrying Place*, where the Island narrows to a slender neck, received its name from the hide-and-seek tactics of old-time smugglers, who used small boats which they could easily carry across the narrow strip, leaving the revenue officers on the other side cursing over their large, heavy craft.

Near SOUTH HERO is the *Site of the Ebenezer Allen Tavern*, which once entertained Prince Edward of England.

On the mainland, across the *Sand Bar Bridge* are the *Sand Bar State Forest Park*, with bathing and camping facilities, and the *State Game Refuge*, a wild-fowl sanctuary.

Moving north on US 7, through a country more rugged and broken, you'll reach GEORGIA CENTER, where patriotic Georgia farmers raised a barricade against the contrabanders of 1812.

Just south of ST. ALBANS, you'll drive over the *Johnnycake Hill* of Frances Frost's poems. A view of the city in its amphitheater formed by Green Mountain foothills, with the Lake washing its lower fields, prompted Henry Ward Beecher to eulogize: 'A place in the midst of a greater variety of scenic beauty than any other I can remember in America.'

The Saint Francis Indians occupied SWANTON before the coming of the white man. During the Deerfield Massacre they stole the Deerfield bell and used it in their chapel, built in 1700 under Jesuit guidance. On the banks of the Missisquoi is the *Burial Ground* of this old Saint Francis tribe.

HIGHGATE SPRINGS is a little summer settlement. *Saxe's Monument* marks the site of the birthplace of John Godfrey Saxe (1816-87), one of Vermont's outstanding poets.

On the frontier, beyond a countryside gray with rock protrusions and ragged vegetation, stands the *United States Custom-house* where as many as 2300 cars have been cleared in one day. The Canadian and American custom-houses are close together, and fortifications are conspicuous by their absence.

Return south on US 7 and continue past its junction with US 2 for about 4 miles to the Lake Shore Drive to *Malletts Bay*, popular Champlain summer resort.

BURLINGTON, the Queen City, is the home of the *Champlain Transportation Company* (1826), said to be one of the oldest steamship lines in

the world. *St. Joseph's Church* has a cock surmounting its cross atop the church. The weathervane in this position, a symbol of the denial of Saint Peter, is rare in the United States. *Battery Park*, a government camp ground for some 4000 men during the War of 1812, offers a noteworthy view of harbor and lake. *Ethan Allen Park* was once a part of Ethan Allen's farm; the Green Mountain Boy died here. At the *University of Vermont* see the *Robert Hull Fleming Museum* with the finest collection of Vermont Indian relics extant; the towered *Old Mill*, a recitation building whose cornerstone Lafayette laid in 1825; the *Ira Allen Chapel*, and the *Billings Library*. *Queen City Park*, a summer colony, was once an outstanding Spiritualist Camp Ground. Mediums from all over the world appeared in its *Temple*. Today only a short series of August meetings keep briefly alive the old atmosphere.

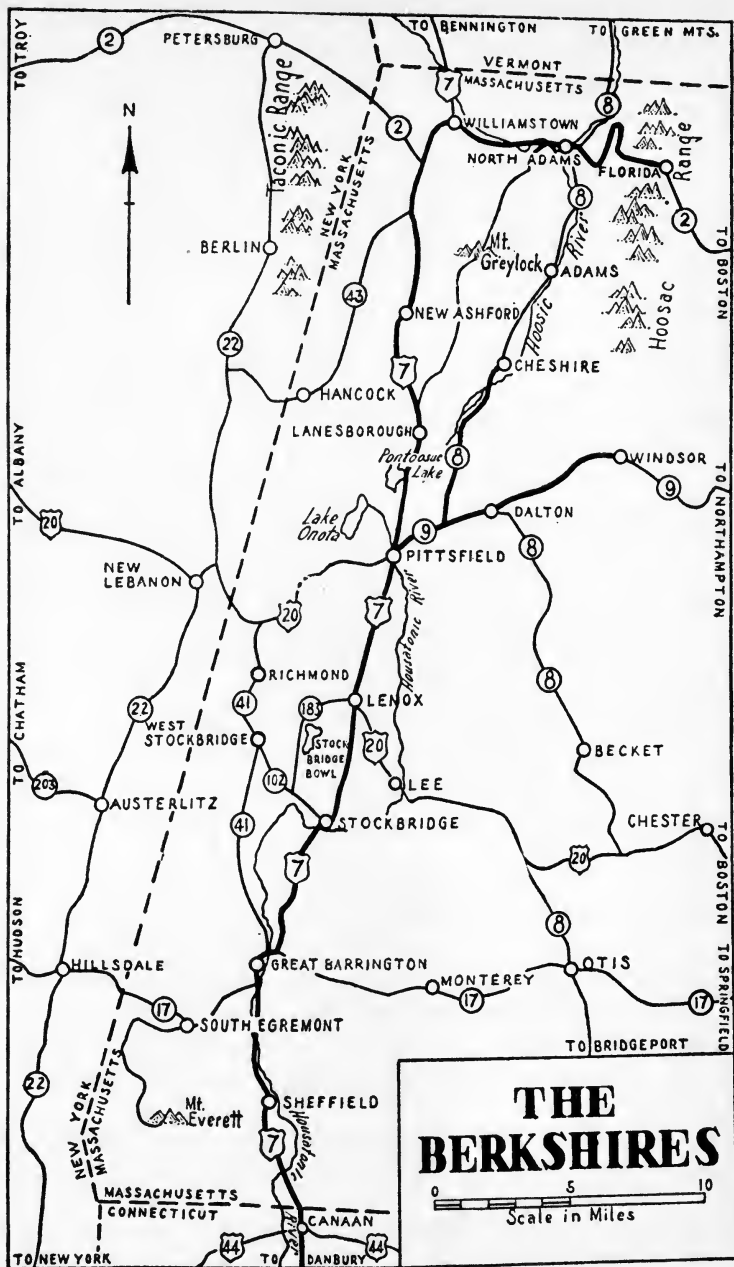
In SHELBURNE, on US 7, a village centered around its Co-operative Creamery, is the *Episcopal Church*, a miniature English abbey in local red sandstone. In *Shelburne Harbor* you can see the hull of the old 'Philadelphia,' sunk off Valcour Island by the British during the War of 1812.

*Cedar Beach* and *Thompson's Point* are summer colonies in CHARLOTTE. From the tower of *Mt. Philo* in the *Mt. Philo State Forest Park* you get our favorite view of the New York Adirondacks, the Lake, and the Valley all the way to the Green Mountains.

On the banks of Otter Creek in VERGENNES was constructed Macdonough's flagship 'Saratoga' and his flotilla. West of Vergennes is *Button Bay*, where Benedict Arnold fired his battered ships and let them burn under flying colors rather than yield them to the British. At low water the rotted hulks are still visible. Near BASIN HARBOR, a Champlain resort, is the site of *Old Fort Cassin*, named for the French lieutenant who blockaded the English and prevented them from sailing upstream to destroy Macdonough's fleet under construction at Vergennes.

At the *Sheldon Art Museum* in MIDDLEBURY, you'll see a restoration of a *Middlebury College* student's room in the early 19th-century — a faithful reproduction, even to the rum bottle. BREAD LOAF, nine miles east of Middlebury, is a unique settlement, a summer school conducted by Middlebury College, where prospective writers are brought into contact with prominent literary people. Perhaps you've read of the Southerner who, after being captured by the First Vermont Cavalry in the Civil War, remarked: 'It was your hawses that done licked us. They don't know how to quit.' The *United States Morgan Farm* near Middlebury still breeds these mounts.

US 7 drops southward through WALLINGFORD to the Berkshire country in Massachusetts.



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## THE BERKSHIRES

### *An Aerie of Hill Towns*

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US 7; Pittsfield, 35 m. from Bennington, 145 m. from New York, 140 m. from Boston.

NORTH and south along the Massachusetts border lie the rugged Taconics, a rampart against the western sky. Rising from the Connecticut Valley to the east, the Hoosac Range with its flat-topped tableland, shallow valleys, and small hilltop towns parallels the Taconics. Between the ranges curves the Berkshire Valley, divided midway by a narrow ridge from which the Hoosic River flows northwest to join the Hudson, while the Housatonic jogs south to meet the sea. To the north, the highlands push close together, forming a rude, mountainous bulk between Vermont and Massachusetts. On the south along the Connecticut-Massachusetts border, the mountains open gracefully to allow the river, the railroad, and the highway spacious passage.

Greylock is the outstanding peak of the Berkshire landscape. One great uplifted mass, surrounded by lesser summits, 6 miles east to west, it lies in the northern Berkshire Valley about equidistant from the Hoosacs and the Taconics. As the mountains of the world go, the Berkshires are not imposing. But there are high peaks and broad meadows, wild mountain cascades and placid mill streams, quiet towns and bustling mill villages.

Berkshire hill towns follow pretty much the same pattern — scattered farmhouses, a white church, a neat graveyard, a school with wood piled near the door. This is a land of church suppers, square dances in the Town Hall, and socials at the Grange. It is the natural habitat of that famous New England institution, the Ladies' Aid Society with its flashing needles and sprightly tongues. And that other famous New England institution, the Town Meeting, here achieves its apogee, national and State issues coming distinctly second to local affairs.

Four motor trails cross Berkshire County east and west. The *Mohawk Trail* (Mass. 2) was from ancient times the main east-west pathway across the Berkshires, the old trail used by fur-traders and by painted Indian warriors faring forth to plunder and burn the villages in the Connecticut Valley. Gentler in its landscaping, the *Berkshire Trail* (Mass. 9)

curves over Windsor Mountain. US 20 climbs out of the Connecticut Valley in a series of giant steps which give it the descriptive Biblical name of *Jacob's Ladder*. From Westfield through the southern tier of Berkshire towns, the *Knox Trail* (Mass. 17) winds across the Hoosacs following the old 'Great Road' along which, in 1776, General Henry Knox and his Continental troops marched to the relief of Boston.

Twenty-five *State Forests*, covering over 80,000 acres, constitute a vast recreational area, with streams and ponds well-stocked for fishing, plentiful game in season, picnic spots, foot trails and bridle paths, caves to be explored, gorges and lookouts, ski trails and open slopes.

US 7, as scenic as any of the more picturesquely named 'trails,' runs north and south through the heart of Berkshire. Just west of SHEFFIELD, with its elm-arched main street and placid homes, rises the dome of *Mt. Everett* (alt. 2624), with *Jug End*, a winter-sport development, to the north.

At GREAT BARRINGTON, 'the Southern Gateway to the Berkshires,' is the *William Cullen Bryant House*, occupied by the poet at the time of his marriage.

At STOCKBRIDGE, a town so well groomed that it has been called 'Berkshire in formal dress,' is the *Stockbridge Mission House* to which Jonathan Edwards, the brimstone-tongued preacher exiled from Northampton, came as a missionary in 1751. The *Berkshire Playhouse* is an important Summer Theater. At *Tanglewood* (Mass. 183) during the annual Berkshire Music Festival, music lovers assemble to listen to performances by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and guest artists. The Festival's huge music shed, seating 9000, shelters the concert crowds. Just for good measure, you will be shown here the *Site of the Cottage* where Hawthorne wrote 'The House of the Seven Gables' and 'Tanglewood Tales.'

In LENOX, a concrete symbol of the town's former literary and social glory, is *The Mount*, once the home of Edith Wharton, novelist, friend and often hostess to Henry James. The designer of *The Church on the Hill* is unknown — a pity, for it is one of the most noteworthy church buildings in the State, 'graceful without effort, solid and substantial without stolidity or dullness.'

PITTSFIELD is the Big City of Berkshire, with a tranquil look of general comfort and prosperous culture in its elm-shaded streets, substantial dignified residences, and smooth lawns. The *Berkshire Athenaeum* houses a library; the *Museum of Natural History and Art* contains a 'mineral room' in which ultraviolet rays are used to accentuate the beauties of its collection. *Holmesdale*, the former residence of Oliver Wendell



Holmes, is neighbor to *Arrowhead*, the home of Herman Melville, where 'Moby Dick' came into being. Anyone who has a scientific interest may visit the *General Electric Plant* and view many marvels of electrical research.

The *Pittsfield State Forest* lies partly in Pittsfield and partly in the drowsy towns of HANCOCK and LANESBOROUGH. *Skyline Trail*, one of some 16 good trails which traverse the forest, follows an ancient Indian hunting path along the crest of this section of the Taconics. On the western edge of the forest is *Berry Pond*, the most elevated natural body of water in the State. A few miles north of Lanesborough, a country road leaves the main highway and rambles through the mountains.

East out of Pittsfield, Mass. 9 leads through DALTON, an industrial town grown up around the *Crane Paper Mills*, which have manufactured currency paper for the Federal Government since 1846. The *Crane Museum* has a complete collection of exhibits showing the history and progress of the paper industry. Between Dalton and the dwindling village of WINDSOR, just off the highway, the *Falls of Wahconah Brook* leap down 80 feet in a triple cascade.

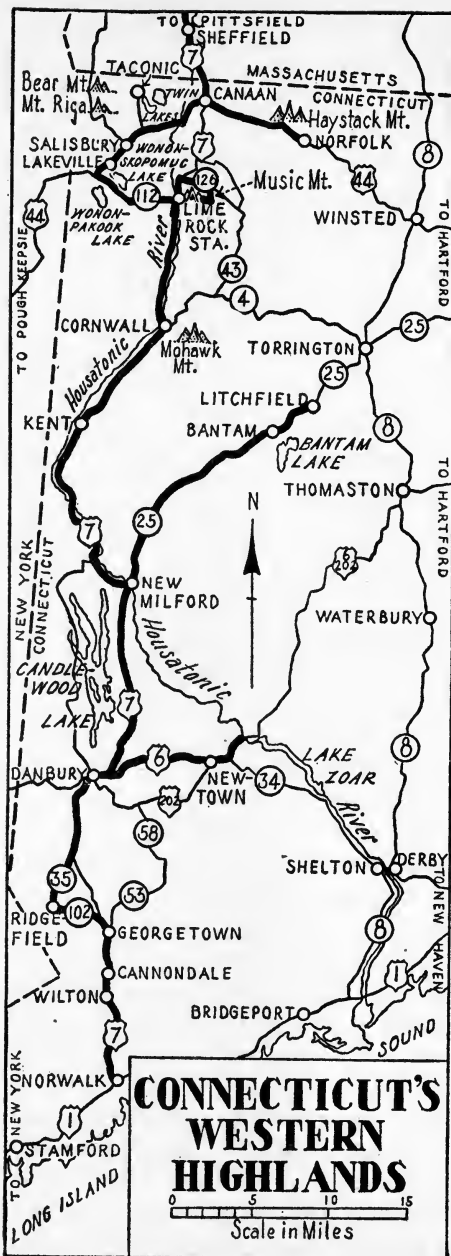
Just north of Dalton on Mass. 8 is the prim town of CHESHIRE, once actually the home of a local brand of Cheshire Cheese. The *Cole House* here is worth visiting if only for the example of the 'Christian' door, so called because its eight panels form a double cross guaranteed to keep out witches.

In any tour of Berkshire County you circle around *Greylock* (alt. 3505), that hoary peak of the Hoosacs, easy to identify by the granite shaft on its summit. On a clear day your view from the top of the *Memorial Tower*, 105 feet high, embraces the White Mountains to the northeast and Long Island Sound on the south. Below you the *Thunderbolt*, a famous ski run, one of the trickiest courses east of the Rocky Mountains, catapults into the valley 1800 feet below.

Just short of the Vermont State line, at the junction of US 7 and the Mohawk Trail, in a pleasant valley among encircling hills lies WILLIAMSTOWN, home of *Williams*, 'the Gentlemen's College.' The odd *Haystack Monument* on the campus claims to mark the birthplace of the American foreign missionary movement in 1806.

East from Williamstown at the foot of Greylock, crowded in between two mountains, lies NORTH ADAMS, a busy city near the western portal of the *Hoosac Tunnel*.

The Mohawk Trail (Mass. 2) passes over its crest at FLORIDA, where *Western Summit* (alt. 2020) discloses Mt. Greylock in all its majesty. From *Whitcomb Summit* (alt. 2110) there is a bird's-eye view of four states, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York.



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# CONNECTICUT'S WESTERN HIGHLANDS

*Old Taverns by Modern Roads*

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US 7; Canaan, 33 m. from Pittsfield, Mass., 115 m. from New York.

ON BOTH sides of the Housatonic Valley, from the seaboard to the 2355-foot heights of the Taconic Range in Connecticut's northwestern corner, extends a region of heavily wooded uplands, interlaced with excellent highways. In the valleys, tidy villages have grown up beside the streams; and on the hillsides, communities have developed around the sites of old taverns or toll-gates. This countryside, within an hour's drive of New York City, has altered but little since the Revolutionary War; the villages have retained much of their independence and their stubborn resistance to change.

In the southwestern corner, hunt and country clubs cater to owners of rural estates, but aside from these you'll discover ample opportunities for recreation on every hand. A dozen state forests, 27 state parks, and more than 70 roadside picnic areas with tables and well-kept lawns, are scattered through the western counties.

Leaving US 1, the Ethan Allen Highway (US 7) threads through the outskirts of industrial NORWALK and continues to WILTON, where roads branch off to the right and left into the estate country.

At CANNONDALE, north of Wilton Center, mill sites on the banks of the Norwalk River show where power was generated to turn the wheels of colonial industry. Millstones today retain a certain utility value as tables, benches, and terrace steps in country gardens.

GEORGETOWN, with its screen-cloth mills and homes of the Finn shop-hands, sprawls on both sides of the highway. Roads east climb the rolling hills where Mark Twain spent his last days at *Stormfield*. The twin blockhouses at the gate of the *Putnam Memorial Camp Ground*, further ahead, mark the edge of a State Reservation where General Israel Putnam suffered with his starving troops through the critical winter of 1778-79. In the park are a *Monument*, a *Colonial Museum*, and rows of stone heaps that were formerly the chimneys of soldiers' huts. North of the reservation, on the west side of Conn. 53, stands the *Mark Twain*

*Library*, built by Samuel L. Clemens but endowed by Andrew Carnegie.

Passing roadside acres planted with nursery stock, US 7 curves to an intersection with Conn. 35, the Ridgefield Road. Southwesterly on Conn. 35 is the hilltop village of RIDGEFIELD, whose inhabitants fought a stiff battle with the British in 1777.

US 7 passes the *Danbury Fair Grounds*, after a tortuous passage through a valley flanked by the ridges of *Wooster Mountain State Park*. Here, one of New England's most popular country fairs goes on parade annually in the first week of October.

DANBURY, the 'Hat City,' is also a rural trading center and supply point for the Lake Candlewood region. The broad main street is western Connecticut's busiest market place. All roads north enter the Big Basin Country, where 6000-acre *Lake Candlewood* extends fully 15 miles to the *Rocky River Dam*. *Squantz Pond State Park*, located on the lake, has a bathing beach, pavilions, picnic and camping facilities, and fishing in season. In the 969 acres of *Pootatuck State Forest*, bridle paths, hiking trails, and nature-study areas have been built by the Civilian Conservation Corps.

East of Danbury, US 6 or US 202 will bring you to the hilltop village of NEWTOWN, a Tory stronghold during the Revolutionary War. Highways east enter the *Lake Zoar Area*, where for 10 miles the *Housatonic River* flows still and deep above the *Stevenson Dam* at old Zoar Bridge.

NEW MILFORD, north of Danbury, stands at a gateway through the hills where Conn. 25 leads northward and then east to *Bantam Lake*. LITCHFIELD, perched on the hilltops at the edge of the Naugatuck Valley, is a tranquil community of shaded streets and old houses remote from the 'Brass Belt.'

North of New Milford, US 7 shoulders its way through a narrow gorge just wide enough for the highway and the Housatonic River. The crossroads village of KENT is known principally for *Kent School*, Father Sill's famous educational institution. *Macedonia Brook State Park* and the lively *Kent Falls*, flowing over marble ledges in *Kent Falls State Park*, are highlights of this region. East and west of Kent are secluded farms, summer camps, small woodland ponds, and thousands of acres of forest traversed by hiking trails, plainly marked for the novice. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad runs a special train into Kent Village, where a barn dance and husking bee has proven an autumn attraction as fascinating to cosmopolites as it is beneficial to the local church and the Grange members who provide the transients with food and accommodations.

CORNWALL is a township of numerous art and literary groups dedicated to a 'return to primitive simplicity.' The *Housatonic State Forest* stretches from the river to the mountaintops, and the *Housatonic Meadows State Park*, embracing an area of 940 stream-side acres, boasts some of the best trout waters in the State.

East of Cornwall, on Conn. 4, is *Mohawk Mountain*, 1680 feet above sea level, where the *Mohawk Tower* affords views of the Taconics, the Berkshires, and the Catskills.

A few miles north of Lime Rock Station on US 7, a highway (Conn. 126) leads easterly to a junction with an unnumbered paved road to *Music Mountain*, where members of the *Jacques Gordon Musical Foundation* present week-end concerts throughout the summer and early autumn.

At Lime Rock Station, Conn. 112 bears westward from US 7, and enters a region overshadowed by the Taconic Range, highest land in Connecticut. LIME ROCK, watered by a lively trout stream, began its community life as an iron-manufacturing village, and still has many abandoned furnaces and shops to prove it. In LAKEVILLE, on US 44, northeast of the intersection with Conn. 112, is the best lake-trout fishing in southern New England. *Wononskopomuc* and *Wononpakook*, deep, spring-fed lakes in Lakeville's back yard, have been famous for chunky 'lakers' since the first white men set up iron forges on their shores. To the northeast, US 44 passes the rusty, brush-grown cliff above the *Davis Ore Beds* and enters SALISBURY. The town 'proprietors' are justly proud of their *Town Hall*, remodeled from a church of 1749, and the granite Library Building equipped with a set of musical chimes.

From Salisbury Town Hall, a country road ascends into the fastnesses of *Mt. Riga*, *Bear Mountain*, *Lion's Head*, and the blue *Taconics*. Following the course of a mountain brook, this same road eventually arrives at the 2300-foot level marked by an old iron furnace at the dam of *Forge Pond*. Here, during an early Connecticut munitions boom, iron for guns, chains, and anchors was smelted from ore carried up the mountain on pack animals; but today, the furnace and slag dumps are the sole visual reminders of former prosperity. Hidden in the surrounding woods are a desolate graveyard, a number of circular charcoal-pit sites, and the stones of house foundations. On *Mt. Riga's* lower slopes are the shacks and log cabins of the 'Raggies,' Salisbury's stranded population. These people stayed on after the furnaces cooled and the iron-ore pits filled with water.

TACONIC, north of US 44, is situated near *Twin Lakes*, where in 1936

great schools of sockeye salmon, native to waters of Alaska and the Rockies, suddenly made their appearance. How these fish came to Twin Lakes is a mystery, but the natives have long known of their existence. Taconic also has the vast estates of old iron masters, model farms, limestone caverns, furnace sites, and a wealth of folk tales and legends.

US 44 continues to CANAAN, a junction with US 7. Here US 44 swings eastward to the *Blackberry River Valley*, offering good trout fishing in State-leased waters. At NORFOLK are broad country estates, wild hill country, winter sports, and observation towers at *Haystack Mountain* and Dennis Hill.

THE END

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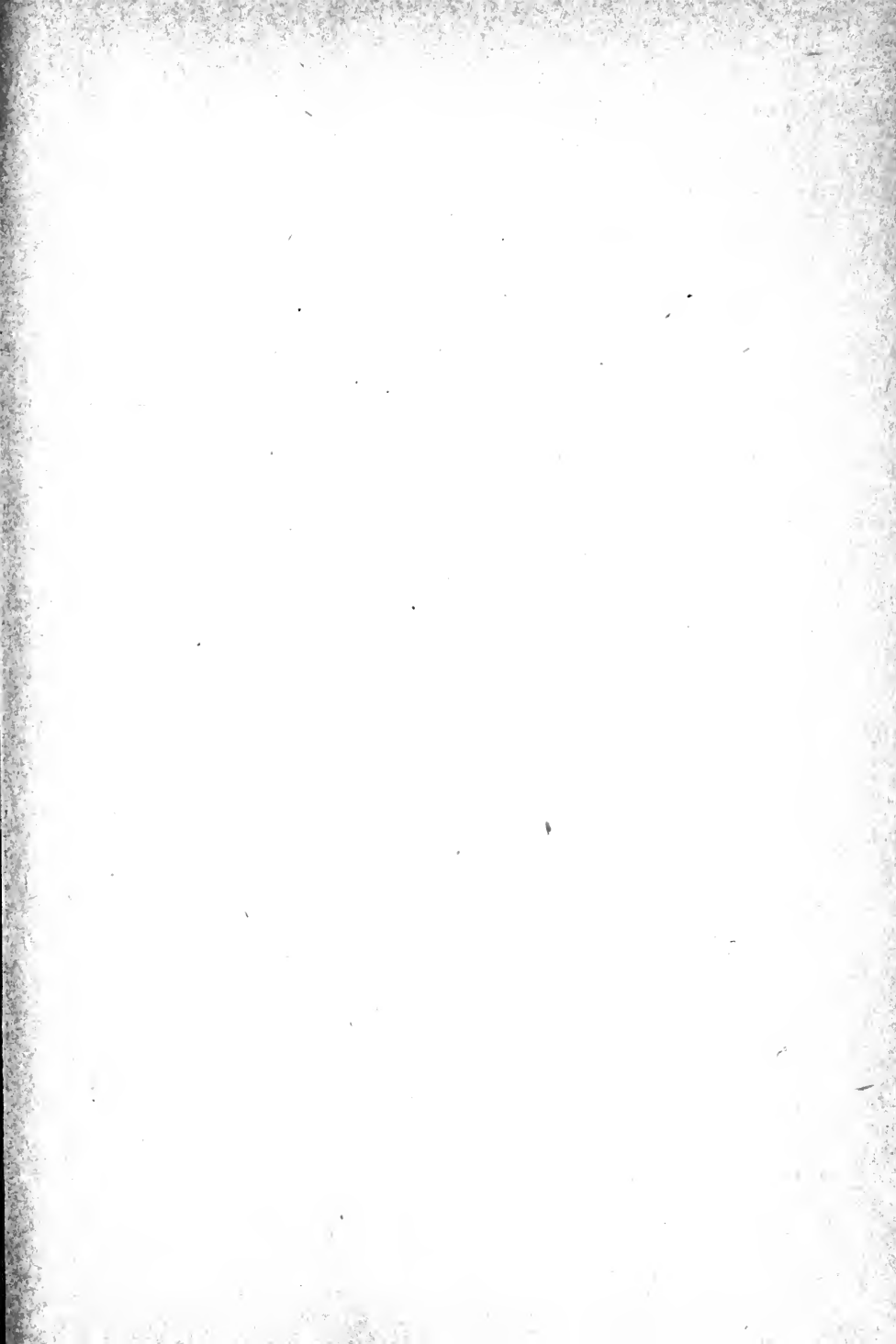
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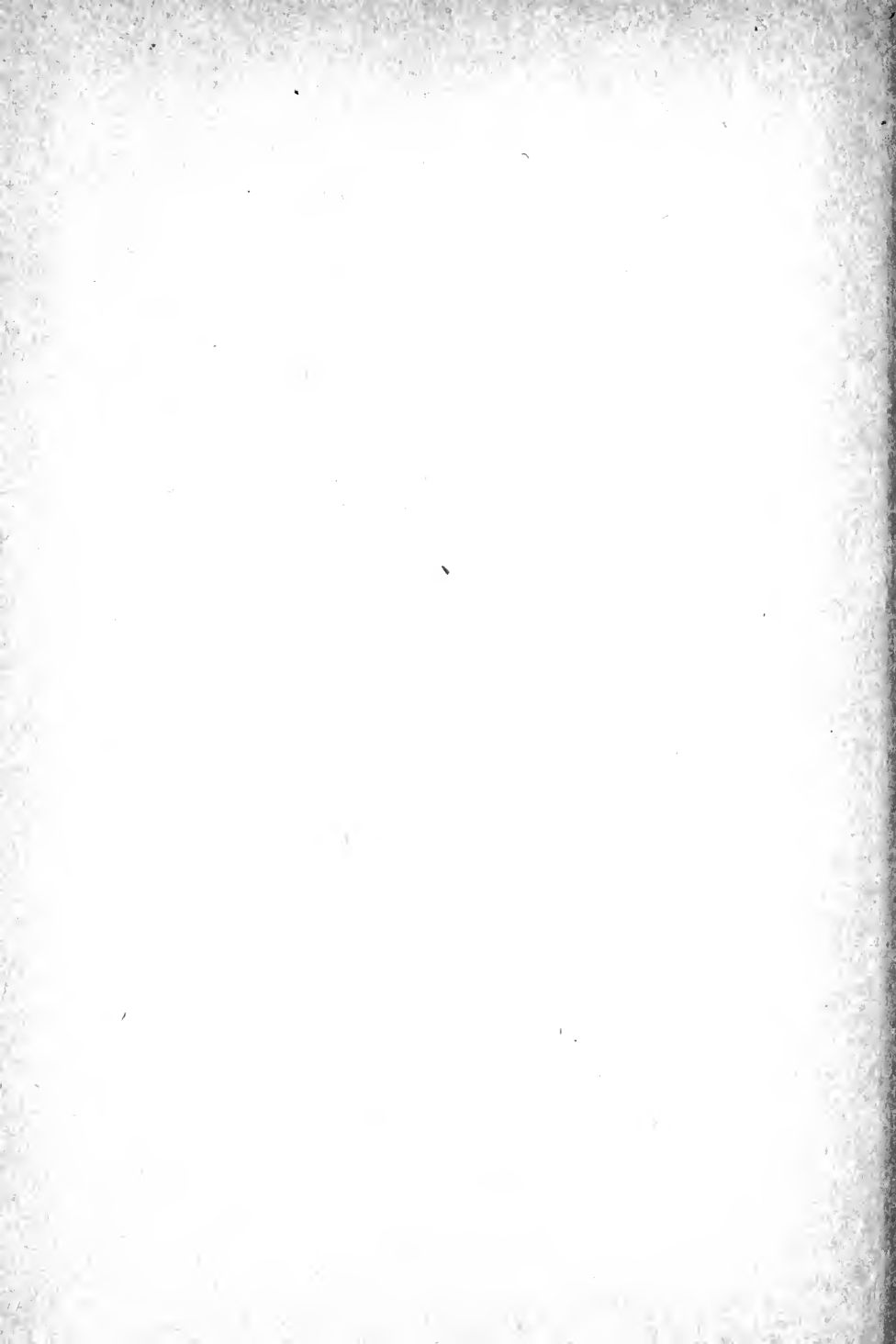
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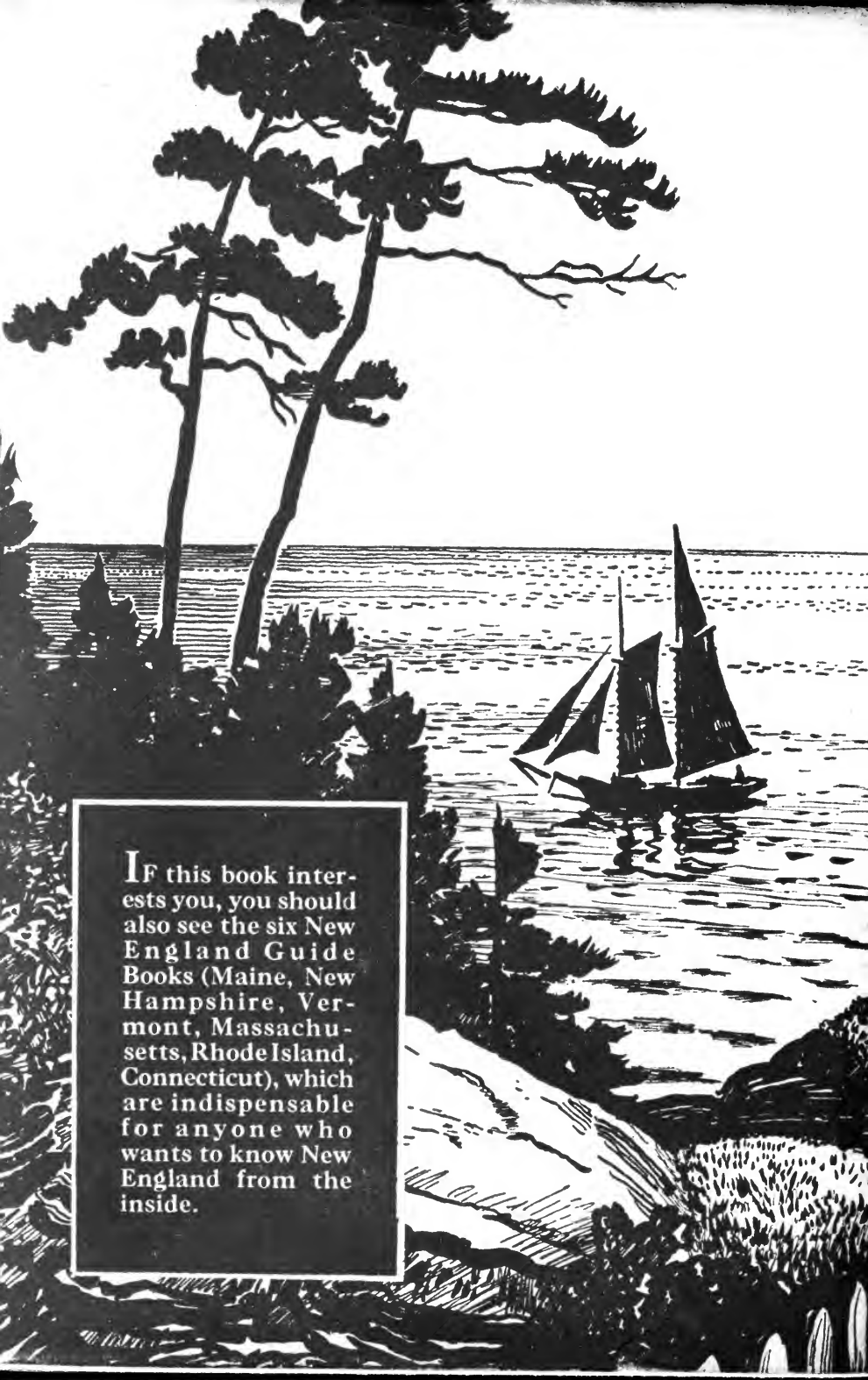
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